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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It is time to make an end of the dangerous deception about the state of recruiting in this country: the purely tentative or invitation system is played out. The prospect of Great Britain getting—at the present dribbling rate of recruiting—an Army strong enough to fill the gaps for long, and to break the power of Germany, is extremely remote. We doubt, indeed, if such a prospect really exists at all. We need not here go into the reasons why recruiting has damped down. The point is that it has damped down, and that we are still quite far from the million men whom Lord Kitchener asked for—and asked for, who can doubt it, as a minimum.

We must quickly make up that very moderate million; and if we are to finish the war next year or the year after, we must have power to put another million in the field. It is the only way. Can the men be got? The answer is: They can be got by a stroke of the pen. The Government is in an extraordinarily favourable position for getting them. It knows it has only to eat a certain amount of false, empty pride, and call the youth and strength of the nation to the glorious cause of the Allies and civilisation—and to the aid of that matchless, most glorious little Army which is struggling with almost super-soldier difficulties in France and Belgium: the Government knows it has only to do this, and the men are forthcoming. The Government will have the complete support of His Majesty's Opposition. It will carry with it a large, even perhaps overwhelming, section of its own supporters. And let Ministers only take the youth of the country into their confidence, and act generously, frankly, boldly, they will rally the nation. They took their courage in one hand and summoned Lord Kitchener to their aid: let them take it now in both hands and summon the men by whom Lord Kitchener will be able to carry through his great task. The nation to-day is ripe and in the humour for all-round national service. The ball is at the Prime Minister's foot; he has only to kick it.

Let the Government consider what the effect of this

simple, bold, but perfectly safe step will be on our friends and on our enemies. The knowledge that at length Great Britain is drawing impartially and fairly on its great resources of manhood will send a note of triumph and pride through Canada, Australia, New Zealand, India, and Africa. It will urge France and Russia to fresh feats of arms and gallantry by way of emulation. It will help to commend the cause of the Allies to any doubtful neutrals. It will be a crushing blow at the hopes of Germany. Sooner or later the thing has got to come, must be. If the Government take the decisive step now, the moral effect alone will be to weaken the German's hold, and to shorten his stay in France and in Belgium.

It is now clear from the tables of recruiting that bad news has been the most effective spur. The three best recruiting spells followed (1) the retreat from Mons, (2) the loss of the "Cressy", "Hogue", and "Aboukir", (3) the fall of Antwerp. There is no real want of courage or patriotism in our people. The real mischief is in quite another direction. What has hindered recruiting is the failure of the public to realise the gravity of the war, the strength of the enemy, the *necessity* for sacrifice. Bad news drives these facts home for a time, but their appreciation wavers with every bulletin. Thousands of men would join to-morrow if they could be persuaded that their services were essential to the honour and safety of Great Britain. Surely there was work here for our orators and politicians. More especially members of the Government should have continually driven this point home.

There is another point. The wavering of the public in estimating the immensity of the task before our armies is undoubtedly due very largely to the conduct of some of our newspapers. It is natural that the Press should emphasize success and hearten the public in defeat; but there is a tendency to be too cheerful on too slender an excuse. Our recruiting tables show that recruits will not come in so long as we read continually of German reverses, advances of the Allies, and enormous losses of the enemy. We do not suggest that the Press should magnify disaster and

ignore success. But it would be wise to let the public hear both sides. It is true, for example, that this week the British troops have held their own in northern France and that the Allies seem ready for an offensive move. But it is also true that we have lost very heavily in men, that we have had to throw in reserves, and that the Germans are not yet across the frontier. Every published report has been uniformly "cheerful", whereas the truth is not so. The truth is that if we are to get the Germans out of Belgium we must have yet more reserves to throw in at scores of critical points and in scores of critical moments; and that if we are to get these reserves the plain truth of the matter must be continually kept before the public.

We have had several despatches from the front this week, all showing how hard is the struggle in northern France, how painful and costly is our progress. General Joffre's discreet message to the Grand Duke Nicholas—studiously vague—is perhaps the most significant indication how things are going. The counter-attacks of the Germans have for the moment ceased, and the General hopes "our combined efforts will shortly bring about a final success". In the east the Germans are steadily falling back before the Russians. Notably they seem to be retreating in East Prussia.

The men of the London Scottish are justly proud today. Their commanding officer has received from Sir John French the following telegram: "I wish you and your splendid regiment to accept my warmest congratulations and thanks for the fine work you did on Saturday. You have given a glorious lead and example to all Territorial Corps fighting in France." The London Scottish went into action sooner than was expected. They were part of the reserves brought up and thrown in to meet the last severe attempt of the Germans to break our line on the left. They took their place in the trenches with the utmost coolness and made a "brilliant charge". The virtue of our picked Territorial regiments is now proved. Meantime let us remember that the Indian troops have also behaved magnificently.

So much hangs upon the quality of the British reserves now being brought into action that we may regard Sir John French's telegram to the London Scottish as an important event of the war. The training and spirit of the London Scottish will be the training and spirit of Lord Kitchener's new armies a few months hence. The London Scottish have received a great tribute, greatly won; and they would be the last to doubt that their "glorious lead and example" will be followed by the men who, in camps and billets all through the country, are at present growing in hardness and in the wisdom of war.

We have seen something of these new armies. The men are of every class and temper; but all distinctions are merged. They are all working upon a cheerful and disciplined equality, with a strict determination to make themselves efficient fighting men by next spring. Nobody who has watched them drilling or marching will doubt that they will be ready in schedule time. The few weaklings, men whose enthusiasm was better than their physique, have been weeded out; the slackers have stiffened themselves. There was a tendency at first for some of the recruits who had led soft lives in offices to report sick in the mornings and to curse the six o'clock reveille; but that has vanished. Every man now realises what his duty requires of him.

In a short time the magnificent contingents from Australia and New Zealand will be in England, and eager to strengthen the Allied Armies in France or Belgium. Now in Australia and in New Zealand there is a complete system of compulsory or national service. We hope, therefore, that all the maladroit criticisms we hear of national training and service will at once cease; they will be an affront to the great Australian people who are coming so nobly to our aid, and

who are offering their fortunes and their lives in order to make good the shortcomings of the Mother Country in the matter of national service.

The war by sea now stretches far to the East, where the Russian and Turkish fleets are opposed; where French and English ships have bombarded the Dardanelles; also to the West, where German and English ships have met in the Pacific. As we look into these great distances we are the more forcibly reminded that this week a German squadron has slipped to the shores of England. The German raid on Yarmouth strikingly illustrates the rapidity and secrecy with which a naval manœuvre can be executed provided it can be kept from the enemy's spies. The people of Yarmouth, at seven o'clock on Tuesday morning, suddenly heard firing in the mist, and, running to the beach, could see the flashes of German guns and the dropping of German shells into the water. This was the first intimation to Great Britain that a German squadron had escaped the British scouts and found its way successfully through mines and patrols to within gunshot of a British town.

We are ignorant as to the precise intention of the German manœuvre. It might seem to be just an audacious gesture of contempt—a natural ambition to show the British that the "rats" are not so fast in the trap as is commonly supposed—that this metaphor, indeed, is hardly adequate to describe a position where one fleet is watching another along a front of hundreds of miles. Clearly the German squadron did not come to stay. It revealed itself; spattered defiance upon British waters, and swiftly retreated. "Various naval movements were made" by our own ships, and the German squadron was "shadowed". Unfortunately our own vessels followed the Germans astern. The German vessels flung out mines and a British submarine was sunk. Presumably, the Germans arrived safely back in their own waters.

Though we are as yet unable to measure exactly the reverse which has befallen Admiral Cradock's squadron in the Pacific, it is clearly of importance. Reading this encounter with the raid on Yarmouth, we are driven to conclude—what, indeed, has for many weeks been obvious—that ship for ship we have in the German Navy a brave and skilful opponent, in dealing with whom we cannot afford to neglect any point of the game. We are glad that the "Times"—which has been commendably free of false good cheer during these last few days—bravely emphasised the point yesterday. We are also glad to know that the Admiralty has shut the gates of the North Sea. The mining of and strict patrol of these waters will, of course, be inconvenient for certain eager traders; but it is clearly necessary and right. We can now watch and police the British seas for whose safety we have spent so many millions in ships and men. It is unthinkable that we should any longer neglect to do so.

The British occupation of Cyprus on Wednesday has clearly defined our relations with Turkey. Henceforth it is open war. The period of bickering provocation is over. The agents of Germany have obtained complete control at Constantinople; and we have now to identify Turkey as a declared enemy. The immediate results of Turkey's act are discussed elsewhere. Briefly, we have little to fear from Turkey as a Mahomedan Power. The Mahomedans of India have already dissociated themselves from Turkey; in Africa there is no reasonable likelihood of a *Jehad*. There will possibly be some agitation in Egypt; and some work to do on the frontier. Meantime, with France and Russia, we shall have to take charge actively in Near Eastern waters.

The widespread suspicions which to-day are being attached to anyone with a name that sounds German are amazing. There is no doubt that the many wholly baseless and grotesque stories about Prince Louis of

Battenberg—who is so well known to anyone who knows anything at all about our public life as a most patriotic and chivalrous man and officer—were due to his name. Yet the name of a man is about the least essential, the least significant, thing relating to him! To suspect a man of being pro-German or pro-Austrian by the sound of his name is not much more reasonable than to suspect him through the cut of his coat.

We would take this chance to emphasise what we said about Prince Louis of Battenberg last week in our leading article and notes. We believe him to be nothing if not a patriot who has had greatly at heart the strength and welfare of the British Navy. Sir John Jellicoe's message this week embodies what the Navy and the nation think of this gallant and highly skilled seaman. We regard him as a substantial loss to the brain of the Navy: though by good fortune it happens that the Navy has a corresponding gain in Lord Fisher.

It is not very often we can allow ourselves the luxury of agreeing with the "Daily News", and we certainly cannot for a moment assent to its notion that we must not deal severely with German and Austrian aliens lest Germany exercises "reprisals" and deals harshly with British aliens. That is altogether wrong and dangerous, and we are quite sure that any Briton with a spark of patriotism in him who is interned in Berlin will not wish to be spared at the cost of his country's safety. The talk about "reprisals" is, indeed, altogether unworthy and weak. But we do agree with this sentiment as to German and Austrian aliens in the "Daily News" of 3 November: "That everyone against whom the barest suspicion can be levelled should be interned goes without saying; but that people who have lived nearly all their lives in this country, against whom there is not a shadow of evidence, who have married English wives, and have children fighting for England in France, should be held prisoners is a fact which is defensible on no consideration of public safety or private justice". This strikes us as justice and sound common sense.

Equally we should like to dissociate ourselves completely from any such sentiment as that of Mr. Lowes Dickinson in the same issue of the "Daily News". He makes light of the German spy system, and suggests that it has been of no particular service to Germany. From what source of knowledge does Mr. Lowes Dickinson draw? What makes him deride the notion that a German spy is a grave danger to this country? We should say that he has not gleaned his information from any good official military, naval, and police sources in this country. There is every reason to believe that the system of German espionage is a deadly and efficient system, and information most valuable to the German army and the German navy has been collected by the spies stationed in the British Isles. Mr. Dickinson has perhaps confused the professional and undoubted spies who are well paid and thoroughly efficient with the German waiter or the German barber who is proved to have bought a map of London or to have tried to photograph the lions at Trafalgar Square. The professional German spy is a deadly danger and should be stamped out.

We are sorry to observe that there still exists in this country a certain body of people who have not yet really forgiven the Government for going to war. It is not a powerful or influential section, and the German people or Press which rejoices in it will be pleased with trifles indeed; but it certainly exists and is waiting with what patience it may for a favourable moment to set up a stop-the-war cry. It contents itself for the most part now by mild undertone disparagement of the general patriotic spirit of the nation. It professes to dislike or deplore "hate" of Germany, and so on and so on. It hints a fault and hesitates dislike in regard to anything like a thorough policy towards Germany and a fight to a finish attitude. We are very glad to know that the British

working man is not in the least degree infected by this unpatriotic spirit. As Dr. Holland Rose showed in an article in the SATURDAY REVIEW ("Stumping the Country"), the working man is full of robust, hearty patriotism.

We quote an instance of the way in which the Germans speak of our conduct. This week the Prime Minister visited a camp where German prisoners are interned, and he inquired personally into their comfort and well-being. We now turn to a German newspaper, and find ourselves thus reported:—"English people in Germany are telegraphing home and to their Government asking for some relaxation of the measures adopted with regard to Germans resident in England. They also ask the Government to treat Germans in Great Britain with the same consideration that has so far been shown towards Englishmen in Germany. A German returning from one of the English concentration camps states that within one week 17 German civilian prisoners died in one particular camp in consequence of ill-treatment and bad food".

Christian de Wet has addressed an enforced assembly at Vrede in the Free State. He spoke concerning the "miserable, pestilential English"; and followed his speech with orders for the commandeering of saddlery, arms, and ammunition. Christian de Wet goes almost further than the German press in his language, and his conduct has agreed. The postmaster of Vrede, who succeeded in getting through a warning telegram of the rebels' advance, was felled and kicked. The inhabitants were informed that they would be "sjamboked" if they refused to satisfy the requisitions.

We have received the signed answer of our English scholars, men of letters and men of science, to a clamorous document issued from the German universities. The answer is brief, argumentative, moderate and firm. Especially admirable is the way in which the German scholars are referred (1) to the German White Paper for proof that Germany was the unreasonable aggressor; (2) to the German teachers of the new German learning under the leadership of Treitschke. The German document to which this English manifesto is addressed was hardly in need of the resolution and ability here shown in its analysis and confutation. Hatred of England and an obstinate, wilful ignorance of the facts were marked in every phrase and sentence. Only a generation of cloistered lecturers overfed by their accepted leaders upon persistent misstatement, upon false history and evil doctrine, could in good faith have signed such a document. We hope that these two papers—the German plea and the English answer—will be printed and read in every learned university in the world.

The English professors have wisely concluded their protest with a definite refusal to accept the sly insinuation of their German friends that there is any educated opinion in Great Britain which has any doubt of the necessity and justice of this war, or any sympathy with the ideals of those who have provoked it. These concluding sentences are worth quoting: "The German professors", say our English scholars, "appear to think that Germany has, in this matter, some considerable body of sympathisers in the universities of Great Britain. They are gravely mistaken. Never within our lifetime has this country been so united on any great political issue. We ourselves have a real and deep admiration for German scholarship and science. We have many ties with Germany, ties of comradeship, of respect, and of affection. We grieve profoundly that, under the baleful influence of a military system and its lawless dreams of conquest, she whom we once honoured now stands revealed as the common enemy of Europe and of all peoples which respect the Law of Nations. We must carry on the war on which we have entered. For us, as for Belgium, it is a war of defence, waged for liberty and peace".

LEADING ARTICLES.

THE ONLY WAY.

"Particular care must be taken, after he has begun to cool and calculate his chances of security, that he do not gather to him a curtain of volunteers and go to sleep again behind them."

WE take this passage, very apt just now, from "Beauchamp's Career", in which George Meredith makes his wit and raillery to play around the man who from time to time goes to sleep and wakes up again to the danger or the fear of an invasion of our country. At the present moment the man in question is undoubtedly more or less wide awake; and whilst the struggle on the coast is still going on, or perhaps so long as the German army keeps its hold on Antwerp, he is likely to remain so. It is something certainly to find him in this state, considering how long and deeply he has slumbered in the firm conviction that the German menace was a bogey invented by British Field-Marshals and by British capitalists, and exploited just to sell their papers by a jingo or a yellow press. Unfortunately, though really awake now to the question of an invasion or a raid, he is not very useful, not very cool and calculating in his ideas as to what ought to be done to defeat the danger or the possibility of a German raid on the coast. If we are to judge of him in the light of Mr. Wells's programme, as outlined in his letter to the "Times" last Saturday, he is preparing to shake himself free of all War Office trammels and "go for the Germans"—when or if they land—with his carving-knife or his stable pitchfork.

Let us say at once that if this, or anything faintly resembling it, is the line of our countrymen who went to sleep and slept on for so many years pro-German, and have now awakened out and out British, they have aroused themselves quite in vain so far as offering any serious check to a raid goes. We must admire and sympathise with the spirit that calls on a man to strike at an invader with the first weapon that comes to hand in an emergency—Tennyson recommended even the use of the yard wand, should, on a sudden, "the enemy's fleet come yonder round by the hill"; excellent, too, is the spirit we find in Bishop Frodsham's article this week upon another page of this REVIEW—but the effect on the invader would be no more avail than levelling at his head a child's pop-gun.

A mob without discipline cannot fight an invading army. Certain other things it can do. It can hang on its flank and annoy an army, making it retaliate savagely, or it can take to its heels after firing a few amateur shots out of bravado, in which case the mob will almost certainly be in such a panic that it gets in its own way, crowds and jams itself, forgets to cover its retreat by placing obstacles in the way of the enemy—it will not know how to destroy a bridge even if it has the means at hand, and is more likely to blow itself up with powder than do any damage to the enemy. It will probably get in the way of the defending army whose business it is to seek out the invader and defeat him, and, in the end, it may do more damage to its own side than to anyone else. Mr. Kipling once sketched "The Army of a Dream"; we do not want the army of a nightmare.

The only answer to the free-lance is that those who wish to fight the enemy can only do so in one way—by enlisting in the Army, putting themselves under its

discipline and learning to march, ride, shoot. Some of us are, unfortunately, too old to enlist, some are physically unfit, in which case we must frankly admit that from the point of view of meeting an invader we are useless members of the community, and any threat on our part of doing terrible things when the time comes is preposterous. As the new armies are not yet fully equipped with rifles, every civilian who buys a rifle means delay in arming a recruit, and every delay, when time is essential, means waste, extravagance, loss of efficiency.

The new army is not yet fully enlisted. Lord Kitchener has asked for a million men. It is very far indeed from certain that a million men will be enough, now that Germany is raising new levies and is taking volunteers by the thousand, who are being trained to serve in her armies next year. Probably the new armies now training in Germany will amount to more than a million new men, who will be ready to fight next spring.

Anyhow, Lord Kitchener has not got the million men he asked for. He has obtained about eight hundred thousand; the remaining two hundred thousand, at the present miserly rate of recruiting, will take a year to get. We ought to have got them before the end of October, so that all could have mastered the first rudiments of training by Christmas; as it is, an average weekly enlistment of thirty thousand men will hardly complete the million by the New Year. The present rate of recruiting is barely one-sixth. That is nowhere near enough, and if the country disregards Lord Kitchener and thinks it has given enough men it will botch the job of beating Germany, whose set intention is, as Professor Marcks said in Berlin on 26 October, to do away with the maritime supremacy of England. "This war", he laid down, "is no misunderstanding, no intrigue; it is an eruption of deadly enmity. It must be: the past and the future are at stake. We have to assert ourselves in the world or cease to exist. The world-nation is manifesting itself. It is we (Germany) who are the hero and the object of the war; we are also its cause, for we have ceased not to be."

That is the spirit of Germany to-day, and that spirit cannot be conquered simply by reliance on our Navy—indeed those who are scared by invasion do not altogether trust the Navy—or by any insane visions of untrained men rushing out of country house or cottage with fire-irons or garden tools as the German army comes round a bend in the road. The uselessness of half-trained men has been shown in one of the descriptive accounts by "Eye-witness" this week—"they came on with the greatest bravery, in swarms, only to be swept away by our fire. One battalion was practically wiped out." How much more useless would be the wholly untrained men of this country who have waited for war until war came to their front door!

Let us make no mistake about this business of recruiting; the result of the war, the whole future of England, depends on it. The only safe way now is general national service, compulsory service.

We notice that the "Daily Chronicle" has frankly warned its readers this week that voluntary recruiting has not yet given us enough men, and that if we do not get enough men by the end of the year it tacitly admits that other means must be tried. There is only one other means and that is national service. Lord

Derby, at Liverpool on Wednesday, said that two months ago Lancashire set an example that nearly swamped the War Office, and "they were going to set the ball rolling again, and he was perfectly certain the result would be the full quota of a million men that Lord Kitchener had asked for". If that spirit had animated the whole country the men we want would be enlisted in a week. But there is lassitude about, a feeling that the other man had better join first, and that there is time enough yet. This is the feeling of over-security which has long been England's danger. It will not do against a nation in arms and a great Empire like Germany, that is convinced it is going to win. What we want is the spirit of that old Elizabethan who wrote that "He is not worthy to live at all, that for fear or danger of death, shunneth his country's service and his own honour; seeing that death is inevitable and the fame of virtue immortal". In that spirit we made the Empire, in that spirit only can we keep it.

We are paying heavily for past slackness, for the comfortable assurances of sleek papers and politicians, for that ignoble doctrine which led Mr. Ramsay MacDonald to declare that "any fool could put a red coat on his back and wear medals on his breast, but it required really a great mind to receive from all men the homage of real reverence". Without any doubt there is a very large reserve of unmarried men in the country of fighting age who could have joined the Army and who ought to have joined the Army. One sees them behind counters and in restaurants and clubs, at football matches; the music-halls are full of them. Their excuse is, we suppose, that they are already employed, and that those who are unemployed should join first. It is the usual pretext: men who are slack in their country's service are not likely to be so keen in their employer's service that they cannot be dispensed with for a time, and we have heard of no case in which an employer has refused to keep a place open for a man who has enlisted.

These men are not cowards, but they are not alert; they prefer to "wait and see". A defeat at the front or a raid on the East Coast would bring them in willingly enough—but that will not do. What England needs is to prevent a defeat or a raid, to beat Germany in Germany, not to repel her in England. And now that recruiting has broken down we should put the nation in arms by law. The nation is ripe for it.

It is believed that the Government intend to circularise householders with a request, signed by Mr. Asquith and Mr. Bonar Law, that all who are capable of military service should place their names upon a register—with the intention, one supposes, of calling up for training those who declare themselves capable of bearing arms when the need arises. This is no more than taking a census of the men of military age who are willing to serve, and we fail to see how it advances the problem. No one is likely to put down his name for active service unless he is actually at the moment a willing recruit. Either he is willing to enlist—and enlists; or he is not willing—and ignores the Government circular. The Government must not rest upon this plan. It is an evasion. If the Government palter with the matter and meanly consult their personal pride and past professions their hands will have to be forced by the people and the Press.

THE FOLLY OF THE TURK.

THE hand that struck the unsuspecting town and shipping of Odessa was the hand of Turkey; but the voice was the voice of Prussia. Turkey's act of war is not the act of Islam. It is the act of a small committee of adventurers who have schemed to put the resources of their country at the disposal of a foreign Power. The extremity of the provocation offered at Odessa—its cruel treachery and deadly intention—was the culmination of a careful campaign—a campaign of the Prussian agents at Constantinople to commit the Turkish Government irrevocably to war. Clearly it was their plan to drive Turkey into the field by perpetrating in her name an unpardonable act. This plan has been obvious from the first, and it explains the extreme patience of the Allies in the face of ceaseless provocation. Their patience has been due to a reasonable compassion for a country visibly being driven and deceived into a tragic blunder. The object of our diplomacy has been to delay the breach as long as possible in order to give the party of peace in Turkey an opportunity to assert itself. It would clearly have been playing into the hands of Prussian officers and agents at Constantinople if we had accepted immediately as the considered conduct of Turkey the repeated provocation offered to Great Britain and her Allies by the Young Turkish Party of war. It was only right and just that we should be patient, putting off the breach for which Germany has so persistently and cleverly worked to the last possible moment.

The patience of the Allies has been extraordinary. From the first outbreak of the war the Turkish war party has systematically committed breaches of neutrality—all, of course, in favour of Germany. Some of these breaches have not fallen far short of declared acts of hostility. Almost every rule applicable to belligerent ships and neutral nations has been violated in respect of the "Goeben", the "Breslau", the "Lily Rickmers" and the "Corcovado". The "Goeben" and "Breslau" should have been sent to sea within twenty-four hours of their arrival or dismantled. But these vessels have been allowed to remain in the Dardanelles under German control and fully equipped. They have been repaired by German officials and have put to sea under German command. Other vessels of war have virtually used the Dardanelles as a naval base. Meantime the Turkish war staff, manned by Prussian military advisers, has "demonstrated" and mobilised on the Egyptian frontier. Nevertheless the Allies have continued to respect the neutrality of Turkey, and have assured her that she should not be suffered to lose by it in territory or independence. All through they have persisted in friendly remonstrance, and treated Turkey as a civilised neutral Power. The motive for this forbearance in the face of acts obviously intended to exasperate and annoy the Allied Powers was, we repeat, to give the Turkish people every possible opportunity to rid themselves of foreign influence and counsels of selfish folly. That this, and this alone, was the motive of France, Russia, and Great Britain may be inferred from an official statement of our own Foreign Office. "It was well known", runs this important document, "that the Turkish Minister of War was decidedly pro-German in his sympathies, but it was confidently hoped that the saner counsels of his colleagues, who had had experience of the friendship which Great Britain has always shown towards the Turkish Government, would have prevailed and prevented that Government from entering upon the very risky policy of taking a part in the conflict on the side of Germany".

But the Germans were too strong in Constantinople. They have succeeded, with the help of the unscrupulous adventurers who run the Committee of Union and Progress, in committing Turkey to a ruinous decision. We have now to inquire what consequences are likely to ensue. We said last week that the first effects of Turkey's intervention would be felt by Russia in the Black Sea and by ourselves in Egypt. Already the war

has swept into these regions. A combined British and French squadron bombarded the forts of the Dardanelles on Tuesday, and martial law has been proclaimed in Egypt. Further important events and operations must now be expected in the Balkans, in Syria—throughout the kingdoms and seas of the Near East. But for the present we can touch upon one aspect only of the Turkish question. What will be the effect of her declaration upon Islam? How will it be received in Egypt, North Africa, Persia, and India.

We have seen that the act of Turkey is not the act of Islam. It is the act of certain politicians in Constantinople who are acting under the influence of Prussian officers and diplomatists. We do not think it in the least probable that the present engineers of Turkish policy will be able, outside the Turkish Empire, to represent the war they have declared as a holy war or *Jehad*. Apart from the deep rift between Sunite and Shi'ite in the Mahomedan world, it is absurd to suppose that Germany will be able successfully to pose under Eastern eyes as a champion of the Prophet. The Kaiser would have to explain why the Mahomedan soldiers of India are in the British camp; and why India through her length and breadth has proclaimed steadfast loyalty and devotion to the British cause. The Agha Khan, president of the All India Moslem League, has already explained the attitude of Mahomedan British subjects towards Turkey. Turkey's act, he tells us, is not regarded as the act of the Sultan—it does not represent the true and free will of a Moslem Government. No interest of Islam was threatened by the war—Islam was not in peril. On the contrary, the safety and integrity of the Moslem Power, which holds the Holy Cities of Islam in trust, had been fully guaranteed by the Allies. Turkey, the Agha Khan asserts, has forfeited her position as trustee and leader of Islam by becoming the tool of an evil Power. "If Germany succeeds", the Agha Khan concludes, "Turkey will become only a vassal of Germany and the Kaiser's Resident will be the real ruler of Turkey and will control the Holy Cities". There is no doubt whatever that the Agha Khan speaks for the Mahomedans of India. The Mahomedans of India are not likely to swerve from their declared loyalty to Great Britain on behalf of a Moslem Power which has degraded its Sultan and handed over its policy to a foreign Government which already stretches its hand towards Mesopotamia and Bagdad.

Naturally we must speak less confidently of what may happen in Egypt and North Africa. But even here we do not expect anything in the nature of a sweeping religious movement against the Christian garrisons. The position is probably less perilous than it was during the late war between Turkey and Italy. That war might quite conceivably have profoundly stirred Mahomedan feeling in Africa and Syria. There was proceeding then an actual conquest and occupation of the soil of Islam by a Christian Power. The missionaries of a *Jehad* had then a simple text: and in 1912 the position was perilous in Tunisia at least. There is nothing of this kind that we can see to-day. The missionaries of a *Jehad* to-day, unless they were self-interested misleaders of their people, could not represent the policy of Turkey as in any sense religious. They would have to root their appeal upon an exhortation to the peoples of Africa to take a seemingly favourable moment for dislodging the European as a political intruder. A secret and factitious *Jehad* might conceivably be preached on these lines in Egypt, in Algeria, and in Morocco; this preaching might secretly and dishonestly cover a good deal of native and nationalist agitation. Almost certainly a spurious *Jehad* will be used to these ends in Egypt, where already our measures of precaution are being swiftly and strictly taken. Should the agitation spread along the shores of Africa—an event not yet to be seriously feared—other Powers will be involved in the mischief. In this case Italy would not be disposed to look cordially upon the results of German intrigue in the Near East. These speculations would take us far. For the

moment we must rest content with a firm belief that no genuine Holy War is likely to blaze out from Constantinople by way of the Red Sea towards Tunis and Algiers. There will be every necessity in these regions for vigilance and tact; and there is obviously an instant need to meet adequately the military preparations of Turkey towards the Egyptian frontier. Our difficulties, for the moment, are increased; but the action of Turkey will have no decisive effect upon the war. Ultimately it is far more likely to add to the peril and embarrassment of Germany than to strengthen her. The German Government, in its anxiety to run the Turkish army for its private ends, seems to have ignored wilfully an important point. Turkey cannot win an advantage or a victory in the Balkans or in Africa without at once raising against herself a host of enemies. All Europe is now resolved that neither the German nor the Turk can safely be trusted with the power to strike and to destroy.

AMERICA AND THE ALLIES.

SOME weeks ago, in acknowledging with warm satisfaction the friendliness of American opinion, we pointed out that it was an asset on which we had no title to calculate as a matter of course. At the present stage of the war the warning may be usefully repeated. It is, indeed, of the greatest importance that the British Government and the British nation should fully realise that American sympathy, though deep and sincere, is still conditional. It does not belong to us of right. It will not be ours inevitably. As the area of hostilities extends, as sterner naval measures are demanded, there is need of the utmost tact in dealing with the great neutral Power whose moral support has been hitherto so gratifying and so remarkable. It is, we believe, largely a question of common sense and good-will. The Americans understand our position, and we should appreciate theirs. It is impossible to spare the United States every inconvenience arising from a world-wide war. A certain amount of loss and annoyance is inevitable. It is the penalty of sharing this planet with an ambitious German Empire. But it is our interest, as well as our duty, to make as far as possible the fullest return for the generous sympathy the American people have shown us during the last three months.

Of that sympathy there has been ample evidence in the correspondence columns of this REVIEW. Naturally we have been able to print but a small proportion of the letters, various in thought but uniformly cordial in tone, which have reached us from the United States. But enough has appeared in the Press to show how the vast majority of American citizens feel concerning this war. There is, as far as we can gather, little racial prejudice. That is natural. For though we think of the Americans as an Anglo-Saxon people, and though the Anglo-Saxon strain is still dominant, the nation is far too composite to be wholly ruled by prepossessions of that kind. There are, no doubt, old families which still pride themselves on their British ancestry and feel towards England the kind of filial affection that a Mediterranean Greek retained for the home of his race. The possession of a common language and literature also counts for much. But it is quite wrong to assume that the average American, even of British race, must inevitably see eye to eye with ourselves. The assumption is none the less false because it happens to be popular and prevalent among our own sentimentalists, the same kind of people who believed that Germany could be deflected from her long-meditated designs by a few soft speeches. Once for all, American policy is not British policy, American ideals are not British ideals, American interests are by no means necessarily British interests. The United States is an individual Power, with an angle of view peculiarly its own, and its estimate of the European situation might conceivably have been antagonistic to the Allies.

Indeed, there were even reasons to anticipate a certain sympathy with Germany. The German element in the United States is numerically very important; it is intelligent and industrious; it is conspicuously law-

abiding and respectable. Many educated Americans are widely read in German literature, and retain pleasant memories of residence in German universities. The Kaiser has always laid himself out to capture the goodwill of rich travelling Americans. His condescension has at times been almost embarrassing to such representatives of the Republic as have sat at the Imperial dinner-table, for the Emperor overdoes cordiality as he overdoes most things. It must be remembered that of Great Britain's Allies one at least is regarded with no friendly eye across the Atlantic. There is still a strong and unreasonable prejudice against Russia, and had Germany been engaged in a war of defence against her eastern neighbours possibly the weight of American sympathy might have been enlisted on her side.

But Germany put herself hopelessly out of court from the beginning. The Americans, though quick and intelligent in grasping a situation, are not close students of European politics, and they might have been deceived as to the true aims of Germany but for the invasion of Belgium. That was a wrong flagrant and palpable, a wrong no sophistry could obscure. The keen political instinct which the Americans inherit from our common ancestors saw at once that "iron necessity", once admitted as a principle of international action, meant the end of civilisation as we know it. The wholly inexcusable and unnecessary brutality shown to Belgium ranged against her the hostility of a humane and compassionate people, to whom gratuitous cruelty is a thing accursed, and among whom the weak enjoy a consideration unknown elsewhere. Finally the stupid Philistinism at Louvain, Reims, and elsewhere, the set resolve of the German Emperor to destroy in default of conquering, offended the American veneration for European antiquity.

The attempts of German diplomacy to put things right have been to the last degree unhappy. The American temperament dislikes self-pity and resents truculence. The German emissaries know no middle course between bullying and entreaty. They have bounced and threatened, with ridicule as a reward. Count Bernstorff has bought laughter and humiliation at a price most men would hesitate to pay for brilliant success. Even Herr Dernberg, blandly Hebraic, appealing to intelligent self-interest, has piped in vain. The task, indeed, is too hard for the most dexterous juggler. The facts are too gross and palpable too obviously damning for any advocacy. The lying and spying, the broken faith as well as the wanton ferocity are too much for a people which appreciates frankness as much as it detests cruelty.

There is no sign that the wave of moral indignation which has swept over America is receding. Every new Zeppelin exploit, every fresh exhibition of calculated barbarism, evokes condemnation from New York to San Francisco. But it would be unwise to ignore signs that material calculations, which were utterly absent at the beginning of the war, are beginning to assert themselves. America as a whole is still convinced that Germany's Will to Power is a menace to the whole world. She still looks eagerly for signs that the power of Prussian militarism is definitely broken. She still—we refer, of course, to the American people, and not to the scrupulously correct United States Government—anticipates impatiently the day when Belgium will be restored and compensated, so far as is humanly possible, for her sufferings and sacrifices. But America is a land of trade as well as the land of liberty and of generous human feeling. Her interests are to a large extent incompatible with her sympathies. For her Germany is a highly profitable market for all kinds of commodities. For us Germany is a great fortress which it is our business to cut off from supplies. The American Government's duty is to protect American commerce. The British Government's duty is to shorten the war by preventing contraband—and most things are now contraband—from entering the enemy countries. The collision of interests must, as in every naval war, give rise to disputes. It cannot be otherwise. The American Government, which strongly asserted its rights during

the Civil War, can hardly repudiate its own doctrine and practice at this juncture; and we have no right to assume that it wishes to press Great Britain to forego a large part of the advantage of her maritime predominance over Germany. At the same time there is undoubtedly a danger of some abatement of cordiality between the two countries unless our own Government is studiously careful not to embarrass American trade more than can possibly be helped. Every possible consideration should be shown to United States interests, both in regard to broader aspects of the contraband question and to the manner of dealing with American ships. It is not merely that we cannot afford to create unnecessary trouble with the most powerful of the neutral States. Far larger if more shadowy considerations are involved. We have every wish not only for perfectly correct relations between the Governments, but for a continuance of the friendship between the peoples which this war has so happily revealed. If a collision of purely temporary interests can be successfully avoided there is every promise of abiding good feeling which cannot fail to have its effect on the diplomatic future.

THE GREAT WAR.

APPRECIATION (NO. 14) BY VIEILLE MOUSTACHE.
THE WESTERN AREA. REFERENCE MAP, "TIMES",
3 NOVEMBER, 1914.

"THE defender is only victorious when he is victorious at all points, while the attacker triumphs if he gains the upper hand at a single spot." So writes Marshal Baron Von der Goltz, now *de facto* ruler of Belgium, in his distinctly able military work, "The Nation in Arms". When the Marshal penned these words he undoubtedly based his text upon the teaching of war as expounded from experience of some forty years ago, when armies fought either upon, comparatively speaking, narrow fronts or in lines of defence such as of a fortress or an entrenched camp opposed to lines of circumvallation. The respect which opponents have for the modern weapons of war in the hands of each adversary has tended somewhat to modify pre-accepted opinions as to the superiority of the offensive over the defensive. The masses now brought into the field require elbow-room to develop a fire fight. Lines of deployment for attack or defence are perforce stretched to a length which would pass the imagination of the old strategist. The search for a weak flank on which to throw a superior force results in anticipation by the opponent, for so large must be the force in numbers required for such purpose that the eye of the airman cannot fail to discover it and report in time to allow of a countermove. Similarly, to pierce a long line of defence, smokeless powder and khaki may betray the attacker into the illusion that the spot he has selected is weak, until he finds it more than strong enough to beat him back. Luck may favour such an attack, but fortune, on the other hand, may not smile upon him. It might be a waste of energy to force a way through a long line of defence at a point where no strategical advantage was to be gained. Faulty battle tactics on the part of his adversary have, among other reasons, probably suggested to the Allied commander a defensive form of strategy. Thus far he has fulfilled his purpose. The steel band of the Allies flexes, but it reflexes as quickly and its fine temper declines to snap to the pressure of its foe. But the strain at periods must be stupendous. Unless fresh material be at hand for relief, it may go hard with us before long. In the long line of combat, extending from the Channel sea at Nieuport, trending in a slightly sinuous line to the south, passing west of Lille, through Arras and on towards Noyon, thence turning in a general easterly direction to Verdun (whose guns have not yet fired), thence south-east to the neutral frontier of Switzerland, one spot favours

the German plan for a penetration if the objective of the commander be still the capture of Paris. The tenacity with which the salient near Lassigny has been held along the whole German line would justify the conclusion that all hope of a successful venture upon the capital of France has not been abandoned. A further course is open to the enemy by piercing the Allied line at or above this point. He may attempt to roll up the left of the defence along its path of 120 miles or a part of it by piercing it farther north, with a view of pushing it into the sea. The latter task would require two new armies, one to carry out the object, another to mask the flanks and mouth of the pierced line. It is somewhat late in the advanced stage of the campaign for the Germans to start upon such a venture. The only material that is equal to such a task is now hundreds of miles away struggling to keep back the invader from the sacred soil of Germany. Bare numbers of new levies, if they are ill-led, will not succeed, not even if stimulated by the presence of their Kaiser—what better proof than that afforded by the staunch stand of our own men around Ypres against countless odds? The capture of Ypres was apparently a measure of capital importance to the German General Staff. The repeated efforts of the dense masses of German infantry detailed for the effort recoiled before the splendid heroism of our gunners, cavalrymen, and footmen all ranged side by side in the trenches, sworn to show to the world that in the test for endurance the staying power of the Briton was vastly superior to that of the Teuton. The edge of the hostile weapon has been blunted by a never-ceasing hammering upon tough material.

The English Channel and neutral Switzerland on the flanks of both armies, on the other hand, offer advantages for the offensive of the Allies. When the efforts of thickheaded tactics, which demand that men should break their skulls against walls of defence, have quite expended their force, something more than sap rolling methods of advance may be formulated by the Allied commander. Only a very powerful reinforcement would justify simultaneous operation on both flanks of the enemy. The reconquest of Belgium is the first duty of the Allies, but one cannot overlook that a successful venture on the southern flank would grievously imperil the safety of the hostile lines of communication. It may be that in view of this operation a large concentration of German force near Verdun is reported. In the struggle for "Life or Death" for Germany which has been carried on for so many days in the northern flank, it is to be hoped that when victory determines for the Allies pursuit should not be stayed. Coasting along the edge of the battlefield transports should be ready to convey all the necessary material required for troops to traverse the canalised and channel-covered terrain similar to the material with which the invader himself was supplied. Nor must we be without preparation in gun and howitzer equipment to take on and demolish the newly fortified posts that will bar our path. It is in this domain of gun equipment that the Germans in this campaign have undoubtedly sprung a surprise upon us. Our old friend "Long Tom" in the hands of the Boers initiated the lesson to the armies of the world that a 6-in. gun firing a shell of 100 lb. in weight was a mobile gun in the field. In our conceit we imagined that such was the maximum limit for shell power for a really movable artillery. Bitter experience has taught us how very wide of the mark we were in our calculations, and with that experience the sapper as well as the gunner has to formulate new teachings each in their respective branches of science.

Are fortresses a thing of the past, or is an extended entrenched *place d'armes* to be the guard for dépôts, supplies, strategic points, etc.? The Allies in the course of the campaign have made acquaintance with and have watched the trajectory of huge shells weighing from 750 lbs. to 2,565 lbs. A correspondent reports having seen the transporting of the monster 16.8-in. howitzers which fire

the shell of the latter weight. Two were used at Liège, and they required no less than twenty-six traction engines for transport. Each gun and carriage was divided into four loads. At Namur the 28 centimetres or 11.2-in. howitzers were employed, and in two days the entire circle of forts was pulverised. When we learn that prepared concrete beds were ready for the reception of these monster weapons, and that naturally all the ranges to the several forts were accurately known beforehand, we can well understand how short and simple was the work necessary for the purpose; but the 11.2-in. howitzer, although requiring a fairly hard platform, yet can be fired from its wheels, which are prevented from sinking into the ground by having a species of caterpillar girdle of steel plates linked round the nave of the wheels. A further new surprise in store for us for closer work is a trench howitzer firing a shell of 187 lb. with an accurate range of 350 yards. This shell is a species of glorified hand grenade, being spherical in shape with a loose stem, and in appearance is like the toy cup-and-ball. This stem is placed down a gun barrel fixed on to a travelling howitzer-bed. Its purpose is to drop these huge shells by salvos just before the last stages of the assault. The effect is explosive, not splinter effect, and the volume of smoke is meant to obscure the hostile fire. Whether the effect of shell fire be moral or physical, the question for the Allies to ask is: Have they artillery material to batter down the new defence works they will have to meet in Belgium, or are they prepared to repeat the shambles of Liège? We must probably draw again upon our ships as we did in South Africa—and we shall not be disappointed.

In the Fleet combination which is imperative to success in the operations that must force the enemy from Belgium the new spectacle of airship combat may form a feature. Already we learn that at Antwerp the air training ground formerly used by the Belgian airmen is being developed into an airship dépôt, and unless strangled at birth by our own intrepid flight officers we may be sure that a venture for a large-scale oversea expedition is being quietly matured.

THE SEAS.

The bells of Berlin will be ringing over a decisive naval victory as reported by their own admiral in the seas of the South Pacific. According to the report, our small fleet of cruisers has been brought to action and, being outweighed in gun power, has fought to the last and succumbed to weight of shell power. No better admiral than Sir Christopher Cradock could be found in our gallant Navy to fight the first cruiser fleet action. Some defect in naval administration must bear the blame for allowing the admiral an unequal chance in ship and gun power when called upon to meet his foe. It would be improper to criticise before the whole facts have been brought to light, but the absence of the battleship "Canopus", reported as having been sent as a reinforcement in those waters, must have suggested to the German admiral the necessity of speedily bringing his adversary to action. It is difficult to believe that the German cruisers did not receive in blows a fair percentage of what they gave. If hulled or damaged the "Canopus" may finish these craft, but if undamaged they would not long hence be heard of farther north, and Esquimault may have the horror of the visit of a shell or two. Our alliance with Japan may stand us now in good stead, and we may hear of a battle in the Pacific before our ears catch the reverberation of heavy guns from our Grand Fleet in the Northern Sea.

Somewhat late in the day have our Admiralty recognised that in war "necessity knows no laws". Hireling neutral bottoms have already had a sufficiently long innings in the hands of our enemies to sow havoc and disaster in more than one ocean. In war the Mistress of the Seas must be the law-giver in her own waters, and she herself must define the limits of those waters. The perspective in war is focussed into one channel, the destruction of the enemy by every

possible means. The Declaration of London, which reads like a declaration of weakness, has practically gone overboard, as many seamen foresaw would be the case once war in earnest had to be faced upon the waters. Nations who think in war merely laugh at the expedients which weaker thinking nations suggest should make for peace. Hague Conventions apparently provoke much the same ridicule as do feeble propositions in peace, such as a "Naval Holiday".

When once the new hostile mine fields are swept, we may look to better policing of our home waters. And if we chance to lose a craft or two, is it absolutely necessary to inform our adversary? He requires much buoying up in spirit, and must show some achievement for the purpose. Let us keep a better silence should misfortune occasionally overtake us. When the German gun approaches within ten miles of our shores and fires a round or two perhaps the British public will begin to realise that we are really at war. We have bold and skilful adversaries both on sea and land. Their methods are not quite what we have been brought up to consider chivalrous, but we can surely fight them with such weapons as they have taught us by example.

The balance credits of the "Emden" and the "Karlsruhe" are now running each into seven figures, but that represents only a small proportion of the cost to trade and the shaking to political stability. Far greater consequences, however, are threatened by the poor tactics that allowed the "Goeben" and the "Breslau" to escape from their guardians at Messina. The nucleus of a fresh stage for war is well on in the making, and on it scenes will be enacted which will be painted in a still deeper red than the Kaiser has favoured us with in the west. The combatants can give and take, but for the millions of defenceless Christians in Armenia the outlook is appalling.

THE EASTERN THEATRE. REFERENCE MAP, "MORNING POST," 31 OCTOBER.

To realise fully the consequence of the heavy defeat imposed by the Russians on their enemy, both on the north and south banks of the River Pilica, it is necessary to study the railway system of West Poland. In Poland itself railways are few, and the town of Warsaw is the focus of the system. The gauge is the Russian one peculiar to that Empire. The German centre army in its march to Warsaw would naturally be based upon the line which crosses the frontier at Ostrovo and traverses Kalisch and Lodz. Methodical as usual, the German in his advance has adapted the line to his own gauge as far as Lodz. When the centre of the German line was pierced, the wings were perforce bound to retreat on divergent lines, the paths of retreat being decided for them by the lines leading to their bases. The base for the northern portion would probably be Glogau or Breslau. That of the Austrian or mixed Austro-German armies would certainly be Cracow, from a little north of which, at Gronica, two main lines run to the Vistula, one through Warsaw to Petrograd, one through Kielce, Radom, and Ivan-gorod to Moscow. It is possible that by the Russian victory at Radom—and it is as well to remember that the Germans acknowledge defeat—a very serious disaster may befall any Austro-German troops that are cut off from the line of retreat between the railway and the Vistula. At Opatow, midway between Kielce and Sandomier, we may look for a mighty struggle. The excellent German railway administration may possibly allow of the transport of reinforcements for this imperilled flank of the beaten army. Breslau is a fine railway centre, having no fewer than nine feeders running into this military capital, and by timely arrangement fresh troops may arrive upon the scene to avert disaster.

It is safe to assume that it will take the Austro-German forces some months before morale is sufficiently restored to presume once more upon the strategic offensive in the province of Poland. A defeat to their arms at Opatow or on the San should clear the air considerably; but this severe blow to German arms in

the East may provoke the Great General Staff to denude the western theatre again of several army corps to restore the balance of advantage in the east. We may be sure that the Allied Staffs are acting in unison for mutual profit, while huge hostile forces are in transit.

It is of such capital importance that the foot of the invader should not tread upon the soil of industrial Silesia that we may be certain that stupendous efforts to obstruct the Russian advance in this area will be made. The economic disturbance that would drive hundreds of thousands of workers to Berlin as beggars would carry disaffection and antagonism to the war to an extent that is well known to the German governing powers.

THE TURKISH FOLLY.

Gold dust thrown into the eyes of the Young Turk has blinded him to the folly of selling his Empire. We can understand the military party receiving a fillip to ambition by the arrival of the "Goeben" and the "Breslau", which gave them an opportunity of asserting their power of the offensive. That the country would be exploited by one of the combatants in the great struggle was fairly certain. What must have settled the Young Turk in his decision was possibly the story of Russian victory. If the Czar is to win, they would say, we must be swept in with the fruits of victory. Let us join hands with the German, and if possible, with his help, hold the door against the Russian. No more Concert of Europe for us and its stupendous fraud. Our recapture of Adrianople and its retention against their wish is sufficient guarantee of the weakness of Guarantee Powers.

The Russian is quite prepared for this new but not unforeseen side-show in the great general war scene. He will arm the Christians and the Kurds, and by slow and steady force of arms push himself across Asia Minor to the goal of his ambition, and as our ally we cannot forbid him Constantinople.

The move of Turkey must, however, react upon our own communications with the East; and of this more anon.

MIDDLE ARTICLES.

ENLISTING.

By BISHOP FRODSHAM.

DURING the South African War I was attached as chaplain to the camp of training at Lytton, near Brisbane. As successive contingents of mounted infantry were enlisted, drilled, and sent to the front there was ground into me a realisation of how much can be done in the way of training new levies. Some of the men came hundreds of miles to enlist. Their eagerness and intelligence were alike remarkable. They became efficient at a speed which surprised those whose views of military training had been tinged by the traditions of Europe. The supreme punishment for insubordination, intemperance, or any of the other faults of the undisciplined man, was rejection from the high honour of serving the nation, and the punishment seldom had to be applied. At the same time, my experience at Lytton convinced me that a more general preparation in the arts of military defence would have been of inestimable value to those who volunteered so freely for active service when war was actually at the gates. Such training would have ensured at least a preliminary knowledge of the mechanism of a rifle, some accuracy in shooting, some experience of the correlation of commissariat and transport systems—in short, it would have provided a firmer basis for obtaining higher efficiency in a body of men who were "the best natural material for soldiers in the world". In extending a welcome to the Australian and New Zealand Expeditionary Forces it must be remembered that these forces are likely to be even more efficient than were the contingents from the same countries fourteen years ago. It is true that they are volunteers to a man, but it must be remembered that Australia for some five years has possessed compulsory military training, and consequently the Australian Expedi-

tionary Forces are in a more favourable position, as regards efficiency, than new levies raised in this country, although these levies come second to none in patriotism, intelligence and bravery.

At a time like this, when the need for enlisting is so urgent and so imperative, there is not even an echo heard of the chorus of abuse and misrepresentation which was raised against the Australian and New Zealand Governments for having adopted systems of universal military training. It should be remembered, however, that, in making provision for the future, the Dominions were acting as a people, and that they were filled with a single-hearted desire to preserve peace. Under the rule of democracy individual statesmen may direct with wider and farther-reaching vision the policy of the State, but even the most dominating statesman cannot go far beyond the people who rule the country through the statesmen. Just as it was impossible for Sir Edward Grey to have declared definitely to the German Ambassador that England would declare war under any circumstances, without consideration of the temper of the House of Commons, so no Antipodean statesman in his right mind would have dreamed of forcing military training upon an unwilling, or even upon an equally divided, electorate. So also under democratic conditions any Prussian conception of universal military training would have been damned from the first, while the fact that a Labour Government passed the first Commonwealth Defence Act is, in itself, a refutation of the silly statement that Capital was forging a weapon with which to destroy the rights of Labour. The fact is the people of the Dominions, from the nature of their cases, have suffered very little from any pacifist delusions. They realise that there are robber nations as there are individual criminals, and that both classes will only listen to arguments backed up by potential force. Consequently the Dominions have been inclined to regard military training as a corollary of police organisation. That Australia looked for clouds to arise in the East rather than in the West does not affect the general situation. Indeed, looking back now upon the past twenty years, I am surprised that I did not perceive more clearly the growing conviction in Australia that Germany was the robber nation, whose will and power must be resisted as much in the South Pacific as in the North Sea.

There is no escape from the conclusion that the recognised leaders of Labour, excepting one or two, are seized by the conviction that this is a people's war. But it will be strange if they will follow Mr. H. G. Wells in his campaign against "people in uniform". Experience has shown them the value of organisation in matters of "trade warfare". It has also shown the importance of emphasising the functions of the State in many spheres of social activity. It has also demonstrated the value of efficient technical education. Granted, therefore, without reserve, that this is a people's war, the people in the exercise of one of their collective functions are calling for another hundred thousand men to enlist without delay. Is it not better for the people that a hundred thousand individual men should answer the call, which would ensure united action and technical instruction, than that they should be buoyed up by false hopes that a franc-tireur method of warfare is likely to do more than harass an invader without ruth, and at the same time representing the highest form of military education and co-operation?

It may be unlikely from a military point of view that the Germans will detach 250,000 men to invade these shores. Upon this point, however, military opinion is divided. Consequently, I have forced myself to visualise what the invasion of England would mean to me, if the spot chosen by the German General Staff should happen to be in the extreme corner of North Lincolnshire where I live. I have watched, in my mind's eye, the beating down of the Humber defences. I have seen our troops entrenched upon the rising lines of the Lincolnshire wolds, lines which would be abandoned, sooner or later, for strategic purposes. I have waited for the arrival of the Germans, burning with

hate for the English and with their Sieglust unsated. I have considered what I should do with my wife and children, and what I should say to the frightened villagers who come to "the hall" for advice. Probably thousands of men, on the East Coast, have done more or less what I have done. And I cannot help feeling that it would be a good thing if the people could be induced to face the facts, not in any spirit of "scare-mongering", but with a view to making better provision for preventing invasion if possible, and for meeting the evil hour if it strikes.

It is common knowledge that there has been a flow and ebb in recruiting in this country, and that certain districts and certain classes have not shown, up to the present, a high readiness to respond to their country's need. Curiously enough, the population of these backward districts is often more than ordinary virile and intelligent, while the backward classes contain those who are very much alive to democratic ideals. I have made it my business to inquire in quarters where I conceived I should get first-hand information what were the causes for the backwardness in some of these districts. The chief cause appears to be a slowness to realise that what has happened in Belgium could possibly happen, say, in North Lincolnshire and Leeds. This slowness is intensified by a tenacity of preconceived ideas with regard to war and soldiering, ideas which are dying, but dying slowly. Then there is a natural reluctance, when trade is good, as it undoubtedly is in some districts where recruiting has been poor, to hazard their future and the future of those dependent upon them. Then there is a constitutional dislike to being hustled into any course of action by those whose methods of recruiting appear interfering, not to say slightly offensive. And last, but by no means least, there is the active opposition of the women at home. This last influence bulks very strongly in certain parts of the North of England and in Scotland.

It is indisputable that the heaviest sacrifice for the integrity of England is being paid in the homes. It makes one's heart ache to think of the sorrow represented by those single lines in the daily "roll of honour". And who cannot recall instances of the high courage shown by the wives and mothers of those who have laid down their lives for their friends? Alas that all British women are not thus! May I suggest that this point of view should not be overlooked by women who will fiercely disallow that their own sons have any "call to fight"? The women in Australia, as a body, were strenuous supporters of universal military training on the grounds that if their sons were called upon suddenly to fight at home they should know at least how to use a rifle. Cannot all the women of England see this much, even if they see no more? God grant the supreme trial through which the Belgians are passing so magnificently may never be laid upon us. If it should be I cannot believe that the Germans could march through an apathetic Essex, or Lincolnshire, or Yorkshire. They would be resisted not only by the trained forces. With such a contingency in view some of us may have thought of the old shot gun in the attic and the revolver tucked away in a drawer. But, without doubt, it would be far more wise for everyone, who is able, to identify himself with some official organisation, even if it be no more than to be ready to drive a transport wagon if required, and at the same time to aim at making every effort to keep the theatre of war where it now is in Europe.

THE PEOPLE'S GIFT.

IN days of old a tale was told of a people noted for thirst, who on an occasion of jubilation would give their King a gift: Said they, "For his share let each prepare to contribute a flask of wine, the which we will pour in a common store—a barrel of vast design".

Great staves they cut for a mighty butt, and fashioned it high and wide,
And laid it along on gantrees strong, and set a ladder beside :
Then, one by one, they came to the tun ; each, poised on the topmost rung
By the flank of the cask, uncorked his flask, and turned it over the bung.

When the day approached for the cask to be broached, the people, small and great, Made a roaring crowd, gay, loyal and proud, as the King drove by in state ; They cheered and clapped as the chamberlain tapped . . . but guilt fell on all, and fear ; When the King would have quaffed his earliest draught —'twas water thin and clear !

Each man of thrift had planned his gift, and said to his niggard's heart, " Is there any to know what I bestow, if my neighbours play their part ? " Is there any to guess my—thriftiness, when I bear my flask to the tun ? If ninety and nine be full of wine, what matters water in one ? "

*Take the lesson, then, young Englishmen, when the war-cloud lowers black,
Let no man shift his burden of gift on to the next man's back ;
Answer to-day what part you will play, when your country gives the sign—
What gift will you bring to your country and King—is your blood water or wine ?*

FRANK SIDGWICK.

THE SPIRIT OF STOCKHOLM.

By HUGH WALPOLE.

(Copyright in America.)

SOMEWHERE in Stockholm there is a little park, rather deserted, with some white statues, a fountain, and a kiosk. I discovered it first, I remember, two years ago on a hot August day—and I sank then into its green, comforting silence with a happy sigh of gratitude. With that same sigh I sink into it again now, here in this city of blue rippling water and green forest. There is a peace here that cannot, I verily believe, be found, just now, in any other town in Europe. To-morrow I must go on again, but for twenty-four hours at least there will be at my side the spirit of this place assuring me that the world is just as it used to be—how many ages ago?—that I have dreamt a horribly vivid dream, and now am happily awake again. Those stone statues in the little park assure me that it is so. . . .

On the afternoon that I left Hull the rain came down, a hissing torrent. On the boat we were a Cosmopolitan company—two Russians, three Swedes, five Englishmen, and a German. We all of us tried to forget that, a week earlier, the "Runo" had been sunk by a mine, and the captain told us that it would be four days at least before we reached Christiania. We did our best, I am sure, to be pleasant to one another, but we were suspicious and detestably conscious of our German companion. Mines, Louvain, Belgian refugees, Dinant . . . and here he was, stout, with large spectacles, mild blue eyes. The mouth of a sentimental child, eyeing us now apologetically, now almost fiercely, responding suddenly to some little courtesy on our part, remembering that we were his enemies and might, had things been otherwise ordered, be at this moment engaged in splitting open his head with a shell . . . no, it was not pleasant.

On the third day our ship was whirled into a storm and we were all of us, I think, very ill. I know that Herr S. was horribly indisposed, because I could hear him, from my cabin, calling loudly upon his Fatherland.

Rolling upon my own berth sympathising deeply with him, I knew that in sea-sickness, at any rate, there are no nationalities ; no, not though all the lords of the world should hurl themselves furiously the one upon another.

Then, approaching Christiania, we slipped suddenly into a grey mirror of a sea and above it a sky of smoking, flaming scarlet. Strands of crimson smoke flared above our heads, but left no reflection in the grey water. Herr S. appreciated deeply its splendour, sighing, wiping his spectacles, seeing in it who knows what "Dämmerung" of hopes and placidities and pleasures, all the tranquillity of a happy, contented life, flung at one man's call into limbo. I know that he would have turned and demanded my admiration had we not, of course, been enemies. . . .

In Christiania one was still pursued. The hotel was littered with German newspapers. On every side there are huge headlines : "90,000 Russian Prisoners", "Rising of Natives in India", "Socialist Disaffection in England". The world is thundering at one "Defeat, defeat, defeat". Sea-sickness and mines are a poor prelude, just now, to German newspapers. During my night journey to Stockholm my carriage was invaded by two German gentlemen, who, seeing that I was English, turned on the electric light and discussed German victories with pointed and over-eager volubility. Sleep was nothing to them. They sang their war song until seven of the morning. As the train slipped into the Stockholm station they turned to me and, with an exaggerated bow, wished me good morning.

And here, suddenly, the plague is stayed. I know, sitting in my little green park, that Stockholm has preserved its soul in peace, and is telling me that so I must preserve mine. That is not to say that Stockholm is not interested in the war ; its papers have huge headlines, in many windows there are maps with coloured flags, there are military photographs in the bookshops, and little eager groups of argument at the street corners. Moreover, Sweden is pro-German. Russia, with Finland in its grasp, is too near at home ; the Baltic is too narrow. . . .

Stockholm is conscious of the war, but the war has not touched its spirit, that remote, beautiful, plangent tranquillity born of the thick forests and the myriad islands and the lakes that are about it. Stockholm may be pro-German, but the same courtesy is given to an Englishman as to a German—this is neutral ground indeed.

Between the dark, cool trees of my little park there is a break, and against the blue evening sky a white curving bridge runs ; up and down this bridge little toy figures, moving swiftly, but to me, so far from them, with a remote silence, like coloured marionettes, pass and repass. Those moving figures are all of the living world that I can see, and the evening peace finds its voice in the measured note of a bell rung from some church close at hand.

To-morrow I cross the Baltic ; already two Swedish steamers have been stopped in their crossing and searched for Englishmen—from one of them thirty Englishmen were politely handed over to the courtesy of German detention. By this time to-morrow I may be a German prisoner, and, in any case, if I escape that fate, I shall, in Petrograd, be once more plunged into the whirlpool of the war. Here for a day, I have been encouraged to believe that the time will surely come when once again the old values, the old friendships, the old sympathies and understandings will assert themselves ; that flaming, angry sky above Christiania giving no more the true colours of the picture than the sacking of Louvain represents the normal character of mankind. Beyond my park there is one of Stockholm's many quays. I cannot see it from where I am sitting, but I can fancy its colours, the piled wooden casks of red and yellow, the white towers and green trees reflected in the waters of the opposite shore, the blue ferry-boats, the red and black funnels of the steamers. To-morrow once again I shall search the papers for news of the war, shall be alarmed at this

rumour and rejoice at that, shall see in the streets of Petrograd the mourning that the women of Russia are wearing for their sons. To-night the little coloured figures dance across the fairy-bridge, the gold of a splendid sunset steals into the dark chequer-board of the trees . . . they are playing, I see, "Rigoletto" at the Opera House.

IN SUPPORT OF MUSIC.

By JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

THOUGH the theatre has no good ground for appealing to the public to support it in a period of stress, the charge of frivolity cannot justly be brought against many of the concert-givers of the last few years, and people will not stay away from concerts because they dare not expect music suited to a serious frame of mind, really fine and ennobling music. Nor can a charge of failure be made against the operas which have lately been performed in London and are now being given in various parts of the country; but however opera may fare, concerts deserve to prosper, and there are reasons, economic as well as artistic, why they should prosper, and why it is a duty of readers of this REVIEW to help them to prosper. Consider the case of the promenades, for instance. "The twentieth season", say the directors in a report just issued, "began, and has been carried out, under inauspicious circumstances". The circumstances must be admitted, and I enthusiastically admit that the scheme was carried out loyally to the splendid last night. All that the public had been promised was done—and more, for I count as a distinct gain the substitution of other music for stuff of the type and aim I disliked before we dreamt of war and have now found reasons for disliking. To what extent the paying public responded I cannot say, but if it is any comfort to Sir Henry Wood and Mr. Newman, the concerts were amongst the very best they have ever given. Not as a slave whipped to his toil or a critic driven to his professional duties, but as a free man I attended Queen's Hall night after night solely for my own pleasure. Before me lies a heap of programmes, interesting and suggestive, but it is not needful at this late hour to go into details. I remember the beautiful singing of Miss Carrie Tubb, Miss Ada Forrest, and others, the remarkable piano-playing of Moisewitch and Miss Una Truman, the gorgeous playing of the orchestra under Sir Henry Wood. Sir Henry has never conducted better; his Beethoven, Wagner, and Mozart were alike on the highest level. There is no space to discuss all the novelties. Some songs by Bantock and a piece by Vaughan Williams struck me as good.

In estimating what has been done in music, and the chances of other ventures succeeding, the war is the last factor to be left out of account. Whether the strain of three such seasons of the promenades as this last, or even of a second one, could be borne is a question. However, it is good to know that the Saturday afternoon concerts are going on as usual, and it is for all of us to see that the attendance does not fall off. The Symphony orchestra also has started according to custom and announced its programmes for half the season. Safonoff is conductor for the present; later I shall discuss his doings. As for the various touring opera companies, I am afraid they will be hard hit. The Moody-Manners company received the first blow, a very severe one; and no one who was present on the last night at the Prince of Wales's Theatre could or would wish to blame Mr. Manners for promptly closing down. I was pleased to hear that Mr. Manners intended starting again immediately in the provinces, and hope he has done so and met with success. His representations in London, but for those inauspicious circumstances, would have attracted the crowds their high level of excellence merited. The Carl Rosa came to the Kennington Theatre for a week and gave us "Tales of Hoffmann", "Tannhäuser", "The Magic Flute", and "Aida". The audiences

seemed good enough to justify Mr. van Noorden in trying again, the second time at the Marlborough Theatre, Holloway, and I hope he has found it possible to continue. I was chiefly interested in "The Magic Flute". This, Weber's favourite opera, has never been a favourite in England; and in truth when one has heard it a few times it is a little slow. The band under Mr. Goosens played well; the scenery was sufficiently resplendent; the singers—whose names have departed from my memory as the programmes have departed from my desk—were, without exception, competent, and in some cases really first-rate (I may mention the noble High Priest or head-Freemason of Mr. Arthur Winkworth, since his name remains with me). But the interminable slow songs, beautiful tunes to pointless verses, grow wearisome. Mutilating Mozart's work seems a sin, and a deadly sin it would be to cut down "Don Giovanni" or "Figaro"; but to omit verses the words of which have lost whatever meaning they may have possessed for Mozart, this is no sin. In fact, it must be done or "The Magic Flute" will go for ever from the stage with Weber's "Euryanthe". The magnificent set arias, concerted numbers, and choruses would remain; and something of the drama might become comprehensible. Allowing for the size of the Kennington stage, "Aida" came off wonderfully well; the "Tannhäuser" also was good. After the Carl Rosa company we had the D'Oyly Carte people, and though the Gilbert-Sullivan operettas are no special pets of mine, yet, as there is small likelihood of hearing any more opera of any sort anywhere this year, I cheerfully went to a suburban performance of "The Gondoliers"—and what is more, enjoyed it. The music certainly froths and sparkles, and Gilbert's words are occasionally witty. Mr. Bellamy's company is admirable, and, of course, staging and scenery are perfect. The orchestra knows its work thoroughly—so well, indeed, that only an occasional touch of Mendelssohn instrumentation reminded one it was there.

At present it seems to be healthy and steady-ing to the nerves to get away from the newsboys and either to unbend over light but good opera or to refresh and strengthen our souls with great, invigorating music. Nothing should be allowed to drive art out of our lives. There remains to be considered the economic aspect of the matter to which I referred. We know there is plenty of unemployment, and likely to be more. If the various enterprises I have mentioned were all to fail thousands more would be thrown out of work; well-known artists would suffer and be compelled to inflict suffering on their dependents; as for humble bandsmen, chorus-singers, scene-shifters, attendants, bill-printers and bill-posters, these would not merely suffer—they would starve. By keeping our heads and recreating ourselves in, so far as we can, a normal manner we may save from destitution all these people; and this seems to me wiser than waiting until they are homeless, in rags, and hungry, and then sending a trifle to some fund. This point of view is taken by the Brighton Corporation, who have determined, in spite of everything, to hold their musical festival as had been arranged. A festival at Brighton does not mean, as it used to mean in most provincial towns, a stoppage of all other music for the next three years. The Brighton Orchestra was playing merrily under Mr. Lyell Tayler when I was there a couple of weeks ago; after the festival the ordinary concerts will go on as before. The proceedings will open on 10 November with "Elijah", conducted by Sir Henry Wood; Mr. Beecham will direct an orchestral concert on the 11th; Messrs. Landon Ronald and Stanford conduct next afternoon, and in the evening Messrs. Mackenzie, Bridge, and Parry direct some of their own compositions; on Saturday afternoon the Municipal Chorus and Orchestra, under Mr. Lyell Tayler, will give Acts II. and III. of "Parsifal". There are other things, and the whole programme is a model of what such a festival should offer. It should be an immense success, and it will be if the residents of and visitors to the town do their duty.

SELF-INTEREST.

LORD CHESTERFIELD'S "Letters to His Son" is still one of the books without which no library is complete; but it is probably not much read, and no man would now dream of putting it into his son's hands to guide him on his entrance into the world. It is a book with a bad name. Yet there is a great deal of capital advice in it, and it seems a pity there is no similar work of a rather more wholesome character. As intercourse between "governor" and son has become more friendly and familiar, fatherly advice has gone out of fashion. In a general way, no doubt, a father usually gives his son to understand that he must be straight and industrious, and to a certain extent watches over his studies, pursuits, and the company he keeps; but there is apt to be a sort of modesty which keeps him from counselling the lad frankly and fully on all subjects. Chesterfield's advice may be good or bad, but there can be no question about its frankness and completeness; he shirks nothing, he does not take refuge in vague, general observations; on every point he is precise and practical, and he never forgets that it is not an ideal person but an ordinary human being he is addressing. Though the moral tendency of the "Letters" is bad, it may be doubted whether the reason of its badness is clearly appreciated. It is popularly supposed that Chesterfield made much of frivolous, superficial accomplishments; that he countlessly hypocritically, deceit, and make-believe; and that his ideal of a man was a knavish fop. But Chesterfield was constantly attacking fashionable frivolities, and there is nothing on which he insists so strongly as the necessity of being thorough in everything, and on the importance of solid acquirements, and of actually being in all respects what one professes to be. Dr. Johnson, who denounced the immorality and frivolity of the "Letters" in an energetic observation, thought that a very pretty book might be picked out of them. But when this had been done what constitutes the essential immorality of the book would still remain. Where Chesterfield goes wrong is not so much in his rules of conduct as in the reasons which he gives why they should be observed. Don't be an impostor, don't cheat, don't pretend to be what you are not, because, if you do, the chances are that you will be found out, and then you will be sorry for it. Above all things take care of your character; the best way to do that is not merely to seem to be, but actually to be, honest and honourable, and the reason why you should be so careful about this is because nothing pays so well as a good character. Don't be lewd and dissolute, because it will cost you money which you might spend more advantageously, and it will also injure your health. Virtue is a good thing, because it is healthy and economical, and in the long run you get more pleasure out of it than out of vice. This is a fair summary of Chesterfield's social philosophy and moral code. The taint runs through every letter and vitiates what would otherwise be wholesome counsels. True, Chesterfield inveighs against dissimulation, but the whole tendency of his teaching is to encourage it, for he ignores all moral considerations and argues everything on the lowest grounds of expediency. The knave is always a fool to the extent of believing in his own immunity from detection. It is obvious that honesty will not appear to be the best policy to the man who feels sure that his roguery will never be found out. The mischief of the "Letters" is that they are apt to be read backwards.

When Dr. Johnson spoke of "pretty pickings" from the "Letters" he was thinking perhaps of the passages in which Chesterfield insists on the importance of thoroughness and attention in all things. "Attend, attend", this is the burden of his lectures. Attend to pleasure as well as business, and to little things as well as great things. Remember the *hoc age*; do what you are about, be that what it will. "A man is fit neither for business nor pleasure who either cannot, or does not, command and direct his attention to the present object, and in some degree banish for

the time all other objects from his thoughts." "There is time enough for everything in the course of the day, if you do but one thing at once; but there is not time enough in the year if you will do two things at a time."

"I know nothing of the world but poetry", he says elsewhere, "not to be acquired by application and care". And next to attention comes method. Lay down a method for everything and stick to it. Fix a particular day for going over your accounts. Nothing can be more thorough and practical than the plans of study which he recommends: "Never read history without having maps and a chronological book on the table lying by you and constantly recurred to, without which history is only a confused heap of facts". In his hints for foreign travel Chesterfield showed himself rather an enlightened statesman than a frivolous courtier. Philip was, of course, to make himself acquainted with the personal history of the different Courts he visited; but his observations were not to stop there:—

"I do not mean that you should immediately turn author, and oblige the world with your travels; yet, wherever you go, I would have you as curious and inquisitive as if you did intend to write them. I do not mean that you should give yourself so much trouble to know the number of houses, inhabitants, signposts, and tombstones of every town that you go through, but that you should inform yourself as well as your stay will permit you, whether the town is free, or whom it belongs to, or in what manner; whether it has any peculiar privileges or customs; what trade or manufactures; and such other particulars as people of sense desire to know."

In another letter he tells Philip that he must consider the countries through which he passes classically and politically, not "knick-knackically". "Do not become a virtuoso of small wares"; observe where taste ends and the curio-monger begins. Get sound general impressions, but do not overburden the mind with petty details. As to architecture, for example, "master the considerable parts of the art, and for the minute and practical parts of it, leave them to masons, bricklayers, and Lord Burlington". In these days of trashy novels and loose, secondhand thought, there are few things more important to be impressed on boys, when their minds as well as their bodies are settling into habits, than the necessity of thinking out things, and not taking on trust all read or heard. One might be more hopeful of the next generation if all youngsters were put through the same course of discipline which Chesterfield planned for Philip. Whenever he reads anything he is to compare it with his own observations, and to ask himself, "Is this so? Have I observed it before?" And if he has not observed it, he is to take the first opportunity of testing the truth of the assertion. "For instance, if you have not already observed that the shadows are long in the morning and evening, and short at noon, try it yourself, and see whether it is true or not. When you hear of the rosy morn, consider with yourself why it is so called, and whether it ought to be so or not."

All this is capital, but as usual Chesterfield goes on to spoil the lesson by tagging to it his favourite moral—it *pays* to do good things! He reminds his son that history records that the first Scipio, when he conquered Spain, took prisoner a beautiful Spanish princess, who was soon to have been married to a prince of that country, and at once returned her to her lover, with the gift of a fortune. The little boy is desired to observe that it is very virtuous "in Scipio", who was a young man and unmarried, and a conqueror, to withstand the temptation of beauty, and how generous he was in giving her a fortune. This is one side of the account; but then, on the other hand, "Scipio must have himself felt that he had done a fine thing; other people would applaud him; and though this happened above eighteen hundred years ago, it is still remembered with honour, and will be so as long as letters subsist". This is not exactly an ignoble line of argument. The

desire to stand well in the eyes of men is respectable enough in itself, and an ambition to have the good opinion of posterity may almost be regarded as disinterested. Still the debtor and creditor way in which the account is always drawn up jars on us. One never finds Chesterfield saying that it is right to do anything because it is just and good to do it, but only because it will gain applause, and so flatter one's own vanity, and go to the making of a reputation which may be turned to personal profit in many ways. Self-interest is ever the object in view; self-interest which is narrow personal selfishness of the poorest kind. "Low company and low pleasures are always", he says, "more costly than liberal and elegant ones. The disgraceful riots of a tavern are much more expensive, as well as dishonourable, than the (sometimes pardonable) excesses in good company." Colonel Charteris, "the most notorious, blasted rascal in the world", once said that he would give ten thousand pounds for a character, because he could make a hundred thousand by it. "Is it possible that an honest man would neglect what a wise rogue would purchase so dear?"

The utter selfishness of the man, his incapability to understand anything but selfishness in others as well as in himself, marks the "Letters". When Philip is young he is to behave well because his father will make it worth his while to do so, and if he does not behave well his pleasures will be curtailed; when he grows up, he is urged to lead a decent and reputable life because decency and respectability are socially the best things a man can invest in, and always yield good interest, and because, with a little care, they need not interfere with his pleasures. It must have been clear to the boy that his father's regard for him was nothing but the interest of an elderly gentleman in the progress of a young man who was to be a credit to him, and to increase his renown. Chesterfield was anxious that Philip should make a figure in the world, not for the youth's sake, but for his own—so that people should talk of him, and admire and envy him for having such a son. He was to live life over again in the boy, and to shine more than ever. We know what happened; and nothing can be more pathetic than the "Letters" when read by the light of after events. Philip was destined not to shine. He turned out dull, plodding, clumsy, a mannerless sloven; he died young in a small diplomatic post abroad, and his father then learned that he had for some years been secretly married, and had left a widow and a couple of children. Chesterfield himself, with all his ability and laborious eagerness to excel, was not successful. He had distinguished himself as an orator, and an administrator, as a man of fashion, and a man of letters; but his influence and success were far below his powers. He prided himself too much on his faculty of managing men, of getting on the weak side of them and humoring their foibles, to be able to resist the temptation of showing off his skill. It was too obvious that he sought to please only to gratify his own vanity and to serve his own ends.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM AMERICA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

135, Shelton Avenue, Jamaica, New York City,

16 October 1914.

SIR,—The following has been sent to me by a German merchant with whom I have had business relations for some years. He is a man of education and intelligence, but probably Potsdam does not allow him to receive all the news. One of the saddest things about this war is the contemplation of the pain it will cause to true Germans to learn—as they must do some time—how Potsdam has deceived them. As an Englishman, I am convinced my fellow countrymen will show their true nobility by dignity and forbearance when their turn comes to enter the enemies' country.

Yours faithfully,
W. E. BYLES.

"The Dum-dum Bullets.—The Kaiser's message to President Wilson: 'I consider it my duty to inform you, as the most eminent representative of the principles of humanity that after the capture of the French fortress Longwy, my troops discovered thousands of dum-dum bullets which had been manufactured by a special government factory. Such bullets were found on the persons of the dead and wounded soldiers and prisoners; also among the British troops. You know what terrible wounds and suffering these bullets cause, and that the use of them is absolutely forbidden by the recognised principles of international law. I raise therefore a solemn protest to you against this mode of warfare which, thanks to the methods of our opponents, has become one of the most barbaric ever known in history.'

"The War of Lies.—From a statement of the Chancellor's, Bethmann Hollweg, to the representatives of the American Press: 'England will tell your countrymen that German troops have burned down Belgian villages and cities; she will however suppress the fact that young Belgian girls put out the eyes of defenceless wounded soldiers lying on the battle ground. Officials of the Belgian cities invited our officers to dine with them and then shot at them across the table. Against all international law the entire civil population of Belgium was called out and these private citizens after a seemingly friendly reception to our troops attacked them from the back with concealed weapons, in the most cruel fashion. Belgian women cut the throats of soldiers, whom they had taken into their homes, while the soldiers were asleep. England will also not tell you of the dum-dum bullets which, in spite of all agreement and of hypocritical asseverations of humanity, have been made use of, and which you may here see in the original packages, as they were found on the persons of French and English prisoners. His Majesty the Kaiser has authorised me to make this statement and to declare that he has absolute confidence in the sense of justice of the American people, which sense of justice will not allow itself to be deceived by the war of lies which our opponents are conducting against us.'

"Russian Infamy.—We quote from a letter written in August from Fischhausen: 'May God preserve us from this brutal gang (the Russian soldiers). From what the refugees tell who have had personal experience—no, it is too terrible! Frau R.'s sister, together with her five children, has been murdered by them (near Insterburg); her breasts were cut off. The children's corpses were hung on the trees of the turn pike!' ('Tägliche Rundschau.')

"From the deposition of an inn-keeper from Russian Poland, registered in the Department of Foreign Affairs:

"I have had an inn in Dombrowa since 1911. On July 11 (long before the official mobilisation!) the concentration of the troops began in Dombrowa. From the conduct of the troops frequenting my place, who were all of them Kossacks, I was compelled to draw the conclusion that these military manoeuvres had a warlike significance. During my stay in Dombrowa my sister-in-law and my wife's two brothers were murdered by Kossacks. My wife was misused by four Kossacks; two other Kossacks compelled me, by holding one sabre to my breast and one to my back, to witness the deed.'

"Official Statements: The Russians have captured a number of our sheriffs and marched them off to Russia, compelling one of them to drive cattle to Russia. Numerous clergymen and many gendarmes have been murdered, women and children have been tortured, countless inhabitants of villages have been killed without reason. The entire frontier has been devastated by the Russians, with robbery, murder and fire, all of which devastation has been done systematically. Fully equipped fire detachments with combustible material have preceded the troops; they have set fire to the houses with war-rockets and sponges soaked in petroleum. In private letters numerous cases of the ravage of women and the murder of children have been reported.

"French Crime in Alsace-Lorraine.—A German soldier wounded in Altkirch on August 19th testifies: 'My retreating comrades had to leave me behind; later they tried to fetch me, but without success. Soon there came some French infantry soldiers who dragged me into a barn, tore my

uniform off of me and cut off my underclothes with knives. They stole my wallet (contents 20 marks), and my purse (contents 3 marks). I did not have a watch with me. These, and other French infantry soldiers who soon joined them, dragged a great number of the German wounded into the same barn, and all the wounded were plundered and threatened, just as I. (Deposition of Jessen, a university professor, and of President Krautinger.)

The governor of Alsace-Lorraine reports, as the result of depositions, that the French on the German frontier have dragged into imprisonment the wives and children of many German officials.

The English Labour Party against Grey.—Like Burns, the minister who retired from Asquith's Cabinet, Ramsay MacDonald, the leader of the Labour Party, appears now as the indictor of Grey. In the 'Labour Leader' he declares: 'Grey's policy is a misfortune for England; during the last eight years it has meant nothing but a continuous menace to the peace of Europe. Since 1906 Grey had been so deeply engaged in military arrangements, first with France, then with Russia, that he was no longer able to withdraw. His plans for military action were founded upon the basis that Belgium's neutrality must be respected. For that reason he refused to negotiate with the German ambassador concerning the question of the neutrality of England. Belgium was the pretext with him to drive England into war.' MacDonald accuses Grey and Asquith of not having told the whole truth to Parliament. Especially did Grey suppress the fact that not the independence but only the neutrality of Belgium was menaced by Germany. When Asquith and Grey assured Parliament that England through its entente with France had taken upon itself no obligations, they stuck to the letter of the law, but did not reveal the truth of the matter.'

* * * We have only space for a portion of the official German leaflet in question, which we give above. Various passages not here quoted refer quite touchingly to the shocking attack of Louvain on the Germans! Also to the heroic efforts of the latter to save valuable buildings from injury; to the terrific victories by the Austrians over the Russians; and to the non-compulsory evacuation of Lemburg by the Austrians. It is interesting to notice that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's attack on Sir Edward Grey is thoroughly well exploited by the German officials.

THE NEED FOR MORE MEN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Constitutional Club,
Northumberland Avenue, W.C.,

31 October 1914.

SIR,—Thank you for your first leader of to-day. You are the first to dare to use that "dreaded" word Conscription (though all the papers say "we want more men")—that word which means that every man equally shall join in the defence of his country when her very life is threatened. It is, of course, very hard to be expected to leave one's comfortable home and risk being shot, when there are plenty of Russians, French, and Belgians who are fools enough to fight our battles for us! This no doubt is the view of the majority of the young Englishmen of to-day, and it is high time that all those who for three months have refused to do their duty should now be compelled to do it.

The very idea of soliciting, instead of commanding, in such a case as this seems to show that we have lost all idea of perspective as a nation.

We are cutting a sorry figure in the eyes of the world. Apart from the fact that we are fighting for our own existence, we have guaranteed the independence of Belgium, which country is now in the hands of the Germans. The guarantee of England's Government is naturally the guarantee of the men of England. Yet when we are called on to meet that guarantee, and fulfil our bond, our Government asks our manhood as a favour to come forward!

It is the most humiliating—the most disgraceful—farce in all our history.

Yours faithfully,
P. W. TULLOCH.

KING'S COLLEGE HOSPITAL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

186, Strand, London, W.C.

22 October 1914.

SIR,—Will you allow me, through your columns, to bring the claims of the King's College Hospital before the notice of the charitable public? In the large number of appeals for money needed on account of the war, I am afraid that many ordinary, but very necessary, charities will suffer. The money subscribed to this hospital will serve a double purpose, for while enabling more accommodation to be given up for the use of our wounded soldiers, and for the sick amongst our civilian population, it will, now the building strike is over, pay for the wages of a large number of workmen, and so help to keep down distress.

With the exception of the Casualty Department, and at least four wards, our hospital, with all its modern equipment, has been taken over by the Fourth London General Hospital, and an average of about 450 of our sick and wounded soldiers are now being treated in it. The War Office pay for the expense involved in the upkeep and maintenance of the Military Hospital, so that the money received from our subscribers is not diverted from the purpose for which it was intended.

It is most important that the building should be completed as soon as possible, and the sum required for this purpose must be obtained by private subscriptions. We are therefore appealing for £50,000, which will enable us to complete this work, thereby putting us in a position to give up more accommodation for the use of the Military authorities, and at the same time providing additional beds for the sick poor, who come from all parts of England to our Hospital. Donations will be gratefully received and acknowledged by the Appeal Secretary, King's College Hospital, Denmark Hill, S.E.

Yours faithfully,
HAMBLEDEN.

DEUTSCHLAND ÜBER ALLES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

6 October 1914.

SIR,—"Blessed are the war-makers", wrote Nietzsche, "for they shall inherit Valhalla". The immediate goal of the German war hero, however, appears to be, not Valhalla, but Antwerp, Paris, and Petrograd. I hope that there is some tribunal for war heroes in Valhalla—some international court of justice such as we are trying to establish upon earth—for it is not fear that has inspired the German armies in their victorious advance upon Europe. It is the motto: Deutschland über Alles. Germany envies her neighbours. She envies Russia her countless resources—her wheat, her oil, her millions of men. She is not likely to pause until she has taken from her what Peter the Great modestly desired—a window looking out on Europe.

Germany envies Holland her independence. At the outbreak of the war the Kaiser offered Queen Wilhelmina a German army corps—a tempting offer, and declined, no doubt, only because of the uncertainty as to when such an army corps would be withdrawn.

Germany envies France her colonial possessions. Her first act of the war—had England remained neutral—would have been to seize these possessions. We all know of the attempted deal—an infamous proposal Mr. Asquith has called it—whereby Germany was to spare the coast of France if England would give her a free hand in the Mediterranean.

Germany envies Belgium her geographical position. She has already made such use of the natural advantages of this little country that to-day the prosperity of Belgium is bound up with that of her own. But she is not satisfied. To a War Lord the alternative for a small nation is annexation or—annihilation.

Like all envious people Germany has proved herself—in the parlance of our Western States—a bad neighbour. The appropriation of Alsace-Lorraine was the beginning of many wrongs that she has inflicted on those around her—wrongs often of such a nature that they constitute—when the victims

are a high-born and high-strung people—not perhaps statutory crimes, but rather violations of the soul. The passionate desire of France to avenge the humiliation and the injustice of 1870 has borne fruit in the Triple Entente—and the war.

We in the United States feel that we have been saved by our enlightenment. Let us not boast. True, we are fortunate in our neighbours. Envy is not a trait of the Latin races; with the English we are one. Looking to the future, we are fortifying ourselves by peace alliances with nations great and small. But, again, let us not boast. Treaties are made and broken. Who can foresee and who can fend when envy and anarchy walk hand in hand?

I am, yours, etc.,

HENRIETTA R. PALMER.

THE GERMAN WAR LORD.
To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

15, College Road, Exeter,

5 October 1914.

SIR,—Nearly a century ago that great War Lord, Napoleon, was being brought to the end of his career. He was indeed a master of war—one in whom the genius of war was innate. He was, I should say, the greatest master of war the world has ever seen or will see. But the European nations had had enough of him, and they joined in union to bring him to his reckoning. The part our nation took in this most righteous work is one of the greatest glories of history. She not only joined the alliance, but her part was the leading part. I need only refer to our Navy, led by Nelson, and to the Great Duke, in the Peninsula and at Waterloo. The mighty War Lord was crushed.

Once in a century is sufficient for the appearance of such a War Lord. Better, perhaps, that after the fall of such a one two centuries should intervene. The elements so disturbed—so set in violent motion by a war genius of this kind—require some space of time to recover their balance.

But another War Lord has in these days of ours made his appearance. For some time we have seen the "mailed fist" lifted up, and have heard the rattling of the sword in the scabbard. We could not, however, bring ourselves to believe that the Kaiser William II. would actually set Europe—and, one may say, the world—in a blaze. God be thanked that our nation is again to the fore; and we have joined the brave Allies to bring this War Lord and his nation to their knees, so that this most detestable Militarism may be crushed. The war is on us: we are in the midst of the Titanic struggle. The war must be continued without flagging till this end is brought about.

In speaking of Napoleon once, this Emperor of Germany, William II., contemptuously referred to him as the "Corsican brigand". What, I wonder, would that great war genius think of William II.? Certainly he would not credit him with any genius of war. He would brush him aside as unworthy of leading the embattled hosts. That he is without this war genius we have cause to be thankful. The struggle—as in your leading articles you so well remind us—must be one most severe, to break in pieces this war-machine. But had the Kaiser William II. the genius of Napoleon, the struggle must have been of immensely longer duration. England and the brave Allies a century ago mastered that war genius, Napoleon the Great; we and our Allies do not intend now to be beaten.

Yours faithfully,
(REV.) WM. JOELL WOOD.

OUR GERMAN PRISONERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Eastbourne, 28 October 1914.

SIR,—Most readers will endorse the suggestion made by J. F. K. in your current issue.

I would add another suggestion—that they be employed in making and repairing our roads. Here the roads are in an exceptionally bad state, but in Seaford, where 25,000 troops are in training, the roads are quagmires.

Yours truly,
J. WILSON.

REVIEWS.

MR. HENRY JAMES'S WAY.

"Notes on Novelists." By Henry James. Dent. 7s. 6d.

THESE are three ways of criticism; though, of course, these ways may be blended in a hundred fine degrees. The first and most ambitious way is the philosophic—the way of Ruskin and Pater. These critics invent a theory of art; they strike a definite attitude and look at things from a carefully chosen and buttressed point of view. These are the critics who found schools, throw out principles, and cry watchwords, giving fresh impetus to old problems and discussions—whether, for example, every picture tells a story, or whether art is for art's sake only. The second and safer way of criticism is the way of notes and marginalia—the way of Coleridge. This way may be less imposing—it may give the critic less opportunity for writing books and essays which are literary masterpieces; but it certainly means closer criticism. This way is criticism in detail, criticism word by word, point by point. A footnote—and Coleridge's criticism is never more than a footnote—illuminating some tiny facet of the genius of Shakespeare is worth volumes of general appreciation. We are not, of course, referring here to the pedantic emendators of Shakespeare or to any of the learned and painfully inquisitive gentlemen who have made expert editions of classical authors an offence to the educated. We simply mean that sound criticism is impossible unless it be full of concrete instances—of quotations, authentic flashes of the author criticised, the scrupulous handling of the stuff of his work by someone who is quite unhampered by general theories concerning the purpose and meaning of literature. Most sensitive readers are aware that the finest fixed theory devised by the brain of man has a way of breaking down almost at the first application; and usually no one is more thoroughly aware of this than the author of the theory himself. This brings us to the third or normal English way—the way of the armchair. Theories and schools of criticism have never had much credit in England; whereas that painful, hard-thinking and scrupulous judgment in detail of the Coleridge type is only within reach of minds too accurate and strenuous for the majority of English readers. English criticism in bulk is neither philosophic nor detailed. It is just the pleasant wilfulness of men with views—men who know what books they like, and can say so ingeniously and persuasively. The English method is strictly a personal method—a statement of prejudice, an assertion as to exactly how much the stuff under discussion has really mattered to the critic, a vivid description of its effect upon himself.

No better instance of this third way of criticism could be offered than Mr. Henry James's "Notes on Novelists". Mr. James does not aim at explaining Browning's art in any grand and systematic way—there is no philosophy in these notes of his. Nor, like Coleridge, does he write comments in the margin when he has discovered fresh wonder and meaning in his text. He simply sets out to describe faithfully the effect Browning has upon himself. His enterprise depends for its interest, like most English critical enterprises, less upon the author being discussed than upon the critic discussing him. When Mr. James sets out in his own delicate and minute way to describe to us exactly how much Browning matters to him, exactly what impression he gets of Browning's energy and bigness, we are more interested in Mr. James's sensations and his effort to express them than in pure criticism. We are interested in these "Notes" more because they are written by Mr. James than because they are written about Browning, Zola, or Flaubert.

The secret of the charm and difficulty of Mr. James's style is very plainly declared in these "Notes on Novelists". Its exploratory character is manifest. Mr. James sets out, in his reader's company and with his reader's active help, to discover some satisfactory way of expressing a difficult and elusive idea or sentiment. He throws out a wide net of words and meta-

phors; and sometimes with a thrill we discover that this net of his has securely landed a secret. Every sentence of Mr. James is an experiment; and it is an experiment at which the reader is expected materially to assist. Often it is as though Mr. James had said: "This thing I am trying so exactly to convey to you is not really susceptible of hard and definite description; but, if you will allow me to help you—if you will agree to throw out your mind towards the inexpressible, acting upon certain hints and suggestions from me as to its general position—then we may perhaps arrive within imaginative distance of our evasive object". Mr. James never fails to contrive that this joint adventure shall be its own reward, even if the goal is not successfully reached. Even though we do not punctually arrive at the secret of Robert Browning—how, indeed, is it possible to do so?—yet we can enjoy by the way felicities of epithet and figure which are to be found in few living novelists or critics. Like his own adventurer, we "embark at any rate for the Golden Isles". Whether we ever really arrive at and possess them—or whether we merely "approach and beat back a little, tack and turn and stand off, always fairly in sight of land, catching strange glimpses and meeting strange airs, but not quite achieving the final coup that annexes the group"—under either view we return from the adventure "all scented and salted" with our "measure of contact"; and that for the moment is enough. For ourselves, we would read Mr. James's "Note" on Browning for one passage alone—a passage that can be matched in vivid truth from any five pages of this book. Mr. James is talking of Browning's poetic world—how curiously it differs from the world of more formal poets. Searching for an image in which to get this impression home, Mr. James ultimately describes the imaginative cosmos of his poet as—

"having been, by the vigour and violence, the bold familiarity of his grasp and pull at it, moved several degrees nearer us, so to speak, than any other of the same general sort with which we are acquainted; so that intellectually we back away from it a little, back down before it, again and again, as we try to get off from a picture or a group or a view which is too much upon us and thereby out of focus. Browning is 'upon' us, straighter upon us always, somehow, than anyone else of his race; and we thus recoil, we push our chair back, from the table he so tremendously spreads, just to see a little better what is on it. This makes a relation with him that it is difficult to express; as if he came up against us, each time, on the same side of the street and not on the other side, across the way, where we mostly see the poets elegantly walk, and where we greet them without danger of concussion."

What reader of Browning has not felt that gesture of the mind here so graphically described—when we drop the book and push the great vision away in an attempt to get the perspective of its mighty line? Mr. James's notes on novelists are full of such happy efforts to describe and define the emotions excited in us by great literature. Mr. James brings to this difficult work the careful, patient, and tremulous instrument he has so elaborately forged for himself in dealing, in his novels, with subtle things of the mind. It is a rare pleasure to follow the deft play of his perfect style—used no longer to throw a twilight where thick darkness reigns in the interplay of human relationships, but to render a little less perplexing the mysteries of genius and the written word.

TIME SERVERS.

"Ye Sundial Booke." By T. Geoffrey W. Henslow. Arnold. 10s. 6d. net.

ONCE there was a time when time did not matter. There were light and darkness, seasons of cold and warmth, life and death, but of the hours and the minutes men made nothing. Promptings of appetite and fatigue were heeded. The day ended with the day's work, or eyes were turned to follow the course of the sun. Even here and now, in highly civilised England, when a more or less trustworthy watch is within the reach of almost any man, there are some few free and primitive folk who regulate their ways by these

natural means. Such men are to be found in the fields and woods. For the most part they are solitaires in their labour, mixing only in casual company, unsatisfactory as members of a home, and commonly accounted of queer temper. They have refused to bow to the gigantic convention of the clock, and a generally gregarious society demands few things more insistently than sure knowledge of a man's comings and goings. Irregularity is a term connoting vice. He who does not fix his dinner hour is self-exiled from the mass of his fellows, and probably he has a page to himself in one of those little books in which policemen write at the street corners if he comes to town.

Rousseau, when he discussed the ways by which man has wandered from the state of Nature, did not, as far as we remember, touch the science of gnomonics. He blamed greatly the man who made the first enclosure of common land, but he did not even allude to Ahaz, whose sundial is mentioned by Isaiah. In all our records of the past, Ahaz is the first person definitely stated to have made or owned an instrument for marking and dividing time, and we must, therefore, take him as a type, and, if such be our mood, make him a scapegoat. He is to be pictured as a somewhat mean-spirited creature, plotting to turn the generous and impartial sun to serve his own ends. It may be that he appeared to his contemporaries as a beneficent scientist, but we suspect that he had an ulterior design of exacting more work from sundry whose labour he hired. Had we enough data, we might be able to draw an instructive comparison between him and the political economists of the Manchester school. If we range ourselves with the rebels who keep their watches under instead of in their waistcoats we shall certainly regard him as one of the fathers of tyranny and one of the prime enemies of Nature.

Time, which we first began to note and to divide for our own convenience, has had its revenge by mastering us. When some more enlightened age looks back on us as we look back on Ahaz, it will, perhaps, be remarked that we were sunk in a slavish worship of a purely imaginary deity, whose emblems were kept in every house and regularly tended with a ritual observance known as "winding". It will further be stated that a mysterious person called Bradshaw, believed to have been of Quaker origin, was a chief propagator of this cult, and that his books, long considered unreadable, were more closely studied than the work of any poet of the period. Men and women, the investigator will declare, did not bid their friends to come to eat when they should be hungry, but made an appointment for feeding at a definite minute, and should the hapless guest, owing, perhaps, to a mistaken reading of the holy writings, be late by but five or ten minutes, he would be considered to have committed an impious act. The niceties of our period, which, of course, make these things seem necessary, will not be known to these distant students of the reign of Cronos, and their judgments will consequently be harsh, yet we can scarcely deny that we are slaves in an absurd fashion. When some industrious reformer wishes us to have more daylight by getting out of bed earlier, he dare not make his proposal in bald and open language. He does not say rise at six instead of eight. He says let us alter the clock so that you may imagine you are beginning your day at the hour which custom has long appointed. Surely the ages of enlightenment will proclaim this as the grossest example of our superstitions, and cry with Swift, "What a foolish thing is time!"

Compared with the cruel exactitude of clock and watch, the sundials of which Mr. Henslow writes seem monuments to careless ease. The mere fact that they numbered only sunny hours would be proof of their benevolent intention did we not know that in them was the beginning of our present tyranny. In many of the older ones, however, there does seem to have been a link with natural needs and instinct which is absent from the mechanical contrivance of to-day. Bede, for instance, is quoted by the author of this book as saying that hours were long or short according to the

season of the year—a very pleasing arrangement. Any authority on dialling can tell of the difference between solar and Greenwich time, but those of us who look on the matter from another angle know of differences far greater. It is a commonplace to say that happy hours seem brief as they pass, yet these are the very ones which seem the longest when reviewed by memory, and unless we grasp this truth we cannot understand much of the literature of time. Why else should Shelley have written of the June hours, which

"from morning until noon
Went creeping through the day with silent feet"?

We may be sure that for Fiordispina and her Cosimo they had the wings of love, but the poet is looking backwards, and so for him they have length and slow movement.

Between the realities of time and the falsities of the clock lies a world of difference, and nowhere has this been marked better than in "As You Like It":

"When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer."

Jacques laughs an hour "sans intermission" at the eight and nine and ten on Touchstone's dial, which profess to show "how the world wags", and Shakespeare, we feel, laughed with him. Presently, however, Rosalind is to instruct Orlando in the true mysteries—the "divers paces with divers persons"—the amble, the gallop, the trot, and the standing still. Pity it is that, though passage of time is accountable for so much of the thought of the poets and can almost challenge love for mastery of their muse, the sundial should so often be marked with some trite platitude. Even the cheerful and truthful "*Horas non numero nisi serenas*" fails to meet our mood when we come on some moss-grown stone that has recorded the shadows cast by many suns. The "*Memento mori*" and "*Pereunt et imputantur*" are obvious and unnecessary when the silent witness faces us. The meaning of time is not to be dismissed in any phrase, but Shelley's words,

"There is regret, almost remorse,
For time long past",

seem to us to express most fitly the spirit dwelling in an old dial.

Mr. Henslow's book is clearly the product of a hobby which has amounted to a passion. The author secures our interest for his subject in his all too short chapters of introduction, and Miss Hartley, whose sketches of various types of sundials appear on almost every page, carries on the work thus begun. Of Mr. Henslow's verses it is less easy to speak. His muse is fruitful, graceful, and thoughtful, but scarcely seems equal to the task set before her. It is terribly difficult not to stumble here and there into some banality when writing of the moving finger. The author asks kindness of his critics and remarks on the "big effort" of making six hundred verses on one subject—a species of apology to which there is a terribly obvious reply. We prefer to give him justice. His subject is all-absorbing, and he has devoted himself to it with whole heart. We have never seen a book whose writing has been more clearly a labour of love, and we do not admit that love's labour is ever lost.

OUR LAND AND ITS PROBLEMS.

"The English Land System: a Sketch of its Historical Evolution and its Bearing upon National Wealth and National Welfare." By J. A. R. Marriott. Murray. 3s. 6d. net.

M R. MARRIOTT has written a very useful manual which gives in short compass a review of the principal epochs in the development of the English system of land tenure. He has a historian's sense of what is relevant to the great movements in a nation's life, and he has read the chief authorities not on one only but on all the periods of vital change. Con-

sequently his book is an excellent example of what the French call *la haute vulgarisation*, and those who read it will realise how much there is in the English countryside which goes back at least to Domesday, if not to the beyond into which Maitland peered with speculative eyes, and how many problems, which were but lately the prey of facile rhetoric, have been for long the puzzle of patient scholars seeking just and truthful solutions. Approaching his subject not as a politician or agriculturist, he writes simply as a student of social and economic history, without conscious bias in favour of landlord or tenant. He makes a good point in his Introduction when he says that the Boer War set men wondering what must be done to remedy the patent defects of a town civilisation which, with all its immense power, was defied for a time by a handful of farmers bred on the veldt. Further, our quiet country life has not only been fermented by the rather unwelcome attentions of politicians of all schools, but has been profoundly affected, whether for good or ill no man can yet say, by the fact that agricultural land valued at over £8,000,000 has changed hands in the last five years. It is not by any means the first occasion on which there has been a great incursion of new men into the English territorial classes. The seventeenth and eighteenth centuries often dwelt on the opposition of the landed and the moneyed men, and every great spurt of new fortune-making has been accompanied by the entrance of new elements into the society of landowners. The old families have found the mortgages too much for them, and the Indian nabob, the cotton magnate, the banker, the brewer, the king of the Kaffir circus, has purchased the old houses. A few generations, and the country does its work: the traditional atmosphere, the customary life, the relationship with other classes which is so different from the cash nexus of trade, the comradeship of sport, and the thousand intimacies of neighbourhood, have a marvellous transforming effect. The fancy purchase becomes "an habitation enforced". It may be true, as Mr. Marriott says, that no one is satisfied with things as they are, though he himself quotes much evidence that farmers at least for the most part do not ask for any changes; but a system which can absorb new elements generation after generation has a vitality of its own and is not to be hastily condemned.

Mr. Marriott proposes three tests of a sound land system: first, the economic question, whether the soil yields food to the utmost of its capacity; second, the social question, whether the land breeds and maintains a population sound in body and mind, and numerous enough to supply the rapid wastage of the great industrial centres; and last, the political question, whether the land system increases the stability of the social fabric. These are all sound tests in themselves, but it must be remembered that the answers, important as they are, by no means depend entirely upon land tenure, but to a great extent on the trade policy of the nation. When England decided to favour manufacturing at all costs, and to let the world provide her food, the evils of a declining rural population and a weakened national physique were eloquently predicted by Mr. Disraeli, and the immense decline in agricultural values naturally withdrew from land the capital which is essential to secure a proper yield. Agriculturists had slowly and painfully to adapt themselves to a new system in which stock was far more important than grain, and they had great difficulty in keeping their heads above water until the recent rise in world-prices brought temporary prosperity. No matter how Parliament may tinker with land tenure, the ruling question will always be that of prices. In fact, the English tenant farmer is in a far better position than the small owner when bad times come. He is like a small trader to whom his banker allows an overdraft. Between 1875 and 1895 farmers' capital was estimated to have decreased by about 40 per cent., and the small occupying owners, such as those in the Isle of Axholme, says Mr. Marriott, suffered even more severely than the tenant farmers. "The latter got large remissions, if not actual reductions, of rent from their landlords; the former could get little sympathy or assistance from the

mortgagees to whom in more prosperous days they had mortgaged their little properties in order to effect further purchases or even to provide additional working capital". Mr. Marriott holds that there have been three critical epochs in the history of English agriculture: the fourteenth century, which saw the dissolution of the manorial economy; the sixteenth, in which a large part of England was converted into a sheep walk; and the period from 1760 to 1860, which "was noteworthy for the final extinction of the common-field system of cultivation, for the triumph of enclosures, the disappearance of the yeoman, and the emergence of the modern agricultural hierarchy". To some extent the period following 1875 was more critical than either the first or second of Mr. Marriott's epochs, as the great changes brought about in the two earlier periods were the result of natural economic influences and the desire to take advantage of increased gains. But after 1875 the full stress of world-competition was felt, and if English agriculture has survived the tremendous shocks of the twenty years that followed it is to some extent due to the human element in "the modern agricultural hierarchy", and to the system which, in practice if not in theory, "puts in the same boat" the capitalist owner and the working tenant. We agree heartily with Mr. Marriott when he says that "what is most to be desired is not the hasty abandonment of the present system for any other, but opportunity for the trial of new experiments". Small holding is good, and small holders owing the soil we must have, in spite of bitter Socialist opposition; but "in the production of wheat and the rearing and fattening of live-stock the typical English farmer, renting a large farm under a good landlord, will not suffer by comparison with any in the world".

The most urgent needs of to-day are the provision of more cottages and the general improvement of the labourer's lot. He has been through the mill, such as it is, of our public educational system, and he will not stay in villages where he cannot find a home of his own, or be satisfied with an existence that offers so little leisure and so few chances of improving his own lot. He is altogether sceptical about the minimum wage; but any scheme that will provide him with a cottage and good garden, and sufficient time of his own to cultivate it, appeals with irresistible force. Here, again, no cast-iron State system is required, but rather the encouragement of private enterprise, and a general recognition that the agricultural labourers, who are a solid and trustworthy element in our State, deserve special consideration. We wish that Mr. Marriott had given more space to this part of the problem; but on the whole his book is an able and suggestive survey. By the way, *Fustel de Coulanges*, if not given his full name, should be called *Fustel*, not *Coulanges*.

A QUIET NOVEL.

"Duke Jones." By Ethel Sidgwick. Sidgwick and Jackson. 6s.

[Published this week.]

MARMADUKE JONES—"Duke" Jones, as some named him in sport—appeared to be the incarnation of that fabulous person, the Man in the Street. His mind and soul had never been more than partly developed, and he had a number of small longings and prejudices. His father had been manager of a bank in an unimportant provincial town, and he himself, by dint of many sacrifices, had received a University education—as a "Tosher" at Oxford. Then had come the great moment when he inherited money and he saw the gates of life open. The chief merit of Miss Sidgwick's story is its manner of showing how this mildly absurd little man was only waiting for an opportunity to become a hero. In the beginning his whole manner and conversation betrayed his adhesion to the commonplace. His male friends were always "fellows", the weather and the government "rotten", and his female acquaintance consisted of "ladies", but inside him was a hard-working conscience. When his new wealth gave him the chance, he assumed the honorary secretaryship of a struggling society which aimed at sup-

pressing some vice or promoting some good cause. All that was in his eyes no more than duty; it needed the close personal appeal to wake in him the spirit of Quixote.

How, loving one woman, he served and married another because the first approved forms the theme of this novel. His sacrifices, the prodigies he performed, and, indeed, his whole conduct, might have appeared incredible but a little while ago; yet now Marmaduke Jones seems anything but an impossible person. Miss Sidgwick's work deserves notice because it rises above the general materialism of modern fiction. The willingness of Jones—the average man—to accept service has only been tested within the last few months, but the author of this book must have been one of those who foresaw and never doubted, and so, in one way at least, her tale is peculiarly inspiring. For the rest, this is a quiet novel. Most of the people in it are pleasant and refined, though Miss Sidgwick has not, unfortunately, the knack of making her characters attractive. Charles, voluminously skittish over more than 400 pages, becomes wearisome, and does not convince us when he writes poems towards the end. Violet, his wife, whom Jones loves with such selfless devotion, might be charming if ever we could get near to her; but she is always half veiled. The author is over-reticent, and her excessive delicacy at times taxes patience. It is as though we were expected to see Violet when only her hands are revealed: and these, by the way, are successively described as delicate, clever, slight, fine, and beautiful. We are not allowed to know the real woman, though we are told of the "soft mechanical tone" in which she spoke and of her "sweet sobriety", as well as of the sacrifices which she, like Jones, could make. She is incomplete. Even when we meet her on her honeymoon we do not know whether she is in love with her husband, and to the end this remains a mystery.

Most of our more capable modern novelists have this at least in their favour, that they can draw women who will interest men. Miss Sidgwick either fails, or, more probably, does not attempt the task. For us, as for Jones, Violet is hedged with divinity. We are by no means sure that the author's elusive manner of writing, which would be admirable in a short story, is not a fault in so long a novel as this. It is true that she keeps us expectant, but too frequently she makes us impatient also. Although she is right in avoiding impersonal description whenever the characters can speak for themselves, it would have done no harm to cut the dialogue in places, and in one way and another let us see earlier at what goal she was aiming. In creating Jones, however, Miss Sidgwick has been inspired. He comes near to being the most distinguished character in the year's fiction.

THE MONTHLY REVIEWS.

The *Nineteenth Century*.—Many interesting topics connected with the war are ably discussed in the "Nineteenth Century". Notably the German colonies—their history, their value, and their future—are discussed by Sir Francis Piggott, by Mr. A. Wyatt Tilby, and by Mr. Evans Lewin. Mr. Nolan in another article compares the German and British official papers—a useful study in contrast that cannot too often be made. The new and perplexing problems presented to the international lawyer by the use of aircraft in war are discussed by Sir Thomas Barclay. (Apropos of this article it may be recalled that an excellent book on this subject by Dr. Spaight was published several weeks ago by Messrs. Macmillan.) The service of Belgium to the Allies is discussed and described in articles by Mr. J. H. Whitehouse, M.P., and by Dr. Lathbury.

The *Fortnightly Review*.—All aspects of the war are touched in the "Fortnightly". There is a poem by Mr. Laurence Binyon, marked with a distinguished severity and restraint; Professor Gerothwohl inquires into the value of fortresses in modern war—thus going into the first of the important strategic questions the war has raised; Mr. Archibald Hurd writes of the position of the Navy; diplomacy and trade are treated in other articles. An anonymous article "Is the War Likely to Spread?" considers the position of various neutral countries. It is unfortunately out of date, for Turkey and Portugal are already deeply involved. Mr. Arthur Waugh cheerfully faces the future of letters and publishing in Great

Britain; but we would point out to him that only two articles of the "Fortnightly" neglect the war entirely for literature. One is an article by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch on "Macbeth"; the other an essay upon modern French literature, by M. Dinet. We fear that letters are going to suffer pretty heavily in the next twelve months. Mr. Waugh is, nevertheless, right to turn the brighter side without.

The *National Review* recalls the robust generation of pamphleteers whose vivid differences of view and love of epithet drew the first undoubted lines between Whig and Tory. Mr. Maxse—who now virtually writes the "National Review" himself—lets loose a torrent of unhesitating criticism in which the reputations of our public men float for uncertain moments like wreckage upon the surface. Mr. Maxse has always been right about Germany; and he does not, in his legitimate hour of justification, spare those who were wrong. We should be inclined to plead extenuation for some of his victims if they had more cordially confessed their errors and appeared suitably chastened by the event. On the whole, however, it is well that there should be one writer of unsparing severity, without compunction even in war-time, for the mistakes of those in authority.

The *Cornhill*.—We notice with pleasure in the "Cornhill" for November a dialogue between Shenstone and Dr. Johnson, by Mr. H. C. Minchin. It is good to find a study so clearly inspired with an accurate sense of the individual qualities of these old authors. The "Cornhill" is, indeed, to be especially complimented at this time on its fidelity to literature.

The Oxford Pamphlets. At the University Press.

It is impossible to describe in detail these excellent small pamphlets from Oxford. Already they run to an odd score; and they now cover, in brief monographs, most of the problems and aspects of the great war. In price they vary from a penny to threepence. They are written by Oxford men. Some of these men, like Mr. H. W. C. Davis, are actively dedicated to the Faculty of Modern History. Others, like Sir Valentine Chirol, are less intimately associated in the public mind with the University. But the enterprise is pure Oxford. We are glad to note the share that Oxford is taking in educating public opinion as to the causes and conduct of the war. Oxford certainly is doing well, with half her men at the front and her scholars actively indicating the integrity of England's purpose or teaching the British public exactly what traditions and ideals are involved. As an example of the subjects treated we might mention "French Policy since 1871" (Messrs. Morgan & Davis, 3d.); "The Value of Small States" (Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, 2d.); "Germany and the Fear of Russia" (Sir Valentine Chirol, 2d.). These little books are easily the best books of the war—accurate, quietly written, full of knowledge, and quite unspoiled by vain-glory or bitterness.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BIOGRAPHY.

Francis Beaumont, Dramatist (C. M. Gayley). Duckworth. 7s. 6d. net.

Treitschke. Jarrold. 7s. 6d. net.

Yusuf Khan (S. C. Hill). Longmans. 10s. 6d. net.

HISTORY.

A Short History of the English (H. C. Wyld). Murray. 6s.

The Books of the Apocrypha (L. O. E. Osterley). Scott. 16s. net.

The Diplomatic History of the War (M. P. Price). Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.

English Literature through the Ages (Amy Cruse). Harrap. 7s. 6d.

War Journal of Count St. Paul (G. G. Butler). Cambridge University Press. 5s.

LAW, ECONOMICS, AND POLITICS.

Documents, Illustrative of International Law (T. J. Lawrence, Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.

The Law and the Poor (E. A. Parry). Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. Chamberlain's Speeches (edited by C. W. Boyd). Constable. 15s.

Disturbed Dublin (Arnold Wright). Longmans. 3s. 6d. net.

Italy's Foreign and Colonial Policy (Senator Tommaso Tittoni). Translated by Baron Bernardo. Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d. Severino.

LETTERS AND ESSAYS.

A Literary Friendship, Letters to Lady Alwyne Compton, 1869-1881, from Thomas Westwood. Murray. 5s.

The Auxilia of the Roman Imperial Army, by G. L. Cheesman. The Clarendon Press: Oxford. 5s. net.

University Life in the Olden Time and other Essays, by Rev. J. O. Bevan. Chapman and Hall. 5s. net.

Fragments from Old Letters. E. D. to E. D. W. Dent. 4s. 6d.

From the Old South-Sea House, being Thomas Rumney's Letter Book, 1796-1798. Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d. net.

Mary Russell Mitford, Correspondence with Charles Boner and John Ruskin (Elizabeth Lee). Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.

PHILOSOPHY.

The Greek Philosophers (Alfred W. Benn). Smith, Elder. 18s. net.

TRAVEL AND SPORT.

Through Unknown Nigeria (John Raphael). Laurie. 15s. net.

The Nightside of Japan (T. Fujimoto). Laurie. 7s. 6d.

Home Life in Japan (Isaac Taylor Headland). Methuen. 7s. 6d.

Adventures with a Sketch Book (Donald Maxwell). Lane. 12s. 6d.

Hunting in the Arctic and Alaska (E. M. Skell). Duckworth. 12s.

(Many books received are not included in this list.)

INSURANCE.

SOUTH AFRICAN MUTUAL LIFE.

A PART from the world-famous Australian Mutual Provident Society, which was founded in Sydney, New South Wales, in 1849, it may be questioned whether any life office established in our Colonies has surpassed, or even equalled, the record of the South African Mutual Life Assurance Society, of Cape Town, which began business about four years earlier. This institution has not hitherto attracted much attention in this country, owing to its operations having been restricted to the Union of South Africa. An important step was, however, taken on 21 September last, when, at the close of the annual meeting, the members unanimously approved a Draft Act which, if it becomes law, will enable the society to open a London office, as has several times been suggested, to transact sickness and accident assurance, and to invest funds outside of South Africa.

As the society will doubtless obtain the additional powers which are now being asked for, it is only a question of time when its advent here will be announced. For this reason it may be as well to consider the position of the office and the prospect there is for obtaining business in the United Kingdom so soon as branch offices have been opened here.

An examination of the accounts for the year ended 30 June last, just received by mail, suggests that the South African Mutual will prove a somewhat serious competitor to some of our own offices. At that date the accumulated funds amounted to £6,599,360, having increased by £471,949 during the year, while the large net sum of £301,308 had been earned in the way of interest and dividends, showing an average rate of 4.74 per cent. on the mean funds. The premium income was also of considerable importance, £520,983 having been derived from renewal premiums, £59,696 from new premiums, and £10,395 from the sale of annuity bonds. Including miscellaneous receipts, the income from all sources reached £893,535, or more than twice the amount of the total outgo. The revenue account shows indeed that only £421,585 was disbursed in all, £337,788 being paid to policy holders and annuitants, £82,255 being spent, and £1,542 written off furniture, property, and investments.

It is evident from these figures that the business of this Cape Town society is not only in a thoroughly healthy condition, but is also obtained at a cost that compares favourably with that of most British life offices. Including rents charged for offices belonging to and occupied by the society, the rate of expenditure is stated to have been 14.29 per cent. of the premiums and 9.4 per cent. of the total income. At present, therefore, a highly profitable business is clearly being carried on, irrespective of the advantage that is obtained from a high average yield on the funds. More than 10 per cent. of the total premium income was, as a fact, derived from new premiums, and when allowance is made for this fact the burden on renewals can at once be seen to be slight, less than in most cases.

It is probable, indeed, that the expense ratio of this office is generally well under 14 per cent., as the accounts show that the expenditure of 1913-14 included £2,527 for investigation expenses and £435 for another special purpose. Deducting these amounts, the normal expenditure, including commission on new business and renewals, is found to have been considerably less than £80,000, or, say, about £20,000 more than the new premiums actually produced. In view of these facts it is not at all surprising to discover that the South African ranks among the very best in regard to the bonuses it pays. A note appended to the report states that of 339 policies paid last year "four were paid at upwards of three times the amount assured, forty-two were more than doubled, and sixty-two were half as much again"; and in the report itself it is mentioned that the claims by death consisted of £177,026 in respect of capital sums assured and £84,384 (47.67 per cent.) for bonus additions.

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